



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS

VOL. IV.—NO. 42. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856. WHOLE NO. 198.

The Principles of Nature.

P. F. BARRETT ON SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS

BY THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Editor.—Being in Buffalo a few weeks ago, I availed myself of the opportunity which then and there presented itself, of witnessing for the first time some of the more external "spiritual manifestations," sometimes called *physical demonstrations*, as anxious to know for a certainty whether Spirits could, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon inorganic matter, or whether the cases in which they were supposed to do so, were mere phantasies—illusions of the senses wrought by the power of the Spirits. Having, therefore, fully satisfied myself of a number of experiments which I instituted, that the *biological* theory maintained by some was a mere fallacy, and that Spirits can, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon matter, so as to move tables, chairs, and other material objects, I wrote a communication to the *New Church Herald*, published in Philadelphia, and edited by the Rev. Sabina Hough, giving an account of some of the things which I witnessed, and concluding at least one fact which demonstrated the fallacy of the *biological* theory, which Mr. Hough has for some time been a strenuous advocate. The fact referred to may be found in the following extract, which formed the conclusion of my communication to the *New Church Herald*:

Such were some of the phenomena which I witnessed, or seemed to witness in that "Spirit Hall," for two or three days in succession. Did these things really occur as external, objective realities, or were they mere appearances, produced by some peculiar, perverted condition which had been induced upon me without my knowledge? Were they facts, or phantasies? Was I *biologized*, and thus made to hear sounds which were never produced, and to feel the touch of a trumpet, when I was alone, and no trumpet was present? Or were these things, as I have said, mere phantasies, having no existence as objective realities? I could be sure of none of these things, unless I could see, directly, and not through the medium of my senses, that the things which I witnessed, were really as they appeared. Nor did I think myself in any unusual mental or bodily condition. I was in no way conscious of anything like what is called a *neurasthenic* or *biological* influence upon me. Still, I might have been *biologized*. I resolved, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, and at the same time to test the soundness of your theory. I determined to procure something which might be broken by the Spirit. I desired that I would gather up the pieces, take them home with me, and see if the thing would remain broken. Accordingly I went the next day to an apothecary's shop and procured a six-ounce glass vial, made of such thick strong glass, and of such shape, that I could tread upon it heavily without breaking it. Neither the proprietor of the shop nor his assistants knew anything of my purpose. I proceeded to the hall with this vial in my pocket, and as soon as the doors and windows were closed, a voice came through the trumpet, which was audible to my own presence, saying:

"I want to give that New York man a test."

"That is precisely what I have come for," said I; "and I wish to see my test in my own way."

"Very well," said the proprietor of the hall; "you can do as you please about that."

"Thank you, Mr. Davenport," I replied. "You say it is only necessary that these two boys (the mediums) should be in the room, in order that Johnny may go through with his performances."

"Truly so," he replied.

"Then I must thank you all to leave the room as soon as I shall have arranged everything to my liking."

I then opened the door (top four or five feet in diameter) to the hall, and the two boys to be seated on the opposite sides of it. I then placed my glass vial in a chair, in the center of the room, and took my seat by the table, having my boy on my right hand and the other on my left. I then requested my boy to put both his hands together, so that I could with one of his hands grasp both of his. In this way, being sure that both hands of my boy were within my grasp, I should know that whatever might be done, would be done by his hands. While these arrangements were being made, the door of the hall was wide open, and light enough was admitted to see distinctly every part of the room. When everything was ready, and the boys' hands were firmly grasped by mine—the large tin trumpet lying on the center of the table before me—I requested every one present to leave the room, and saw that they all passed out through the door, which was closed after them, leaving me and the mediums alone, and in perfect darkness. The instant the door closed, the trumpet (which was on the table) was taken up from the table and placed within a few inches of my face, and these words spoken through it with perfect distinctness, but with the same peculiar broken voice as on former occasions: "Can't break the bottle where it is—lays not influence enough?"

And thereupon the table began to be lifted, notwithstanding my arm and those of both the boys rested upon it. I then asked,

"Johnny, can you lift the table with me on it?"

"Yes," rang through the trumpet.

Accordingly I jumped upon the table and after grasping both hands of the boys again in mine, the table, with me upon it, was lifted up several inches from the floor, swung gently in the air, and then fell, as if from a considerable height. I then got off, seated myself again on the chair, grasped both hands of each boy, and suddenly I was lifted up several inches from the floor, and drawn away from the table, as if by some person had been behind my chair, and drawn away from the table. Having my hat on, I next requested the Spirit to take it off, and immediately the trumpet was taken from the table, and slowly across my left arm, around to my back, thence up to the top of my hat, giving me to perceive its movements very distinctly by means of touch, and with this my hat was knocked off, both trumpet and hat falling upon the floor. I should judge some three or four feet from me and the nearest boy. I then heard the trumpet upon the floor as if a child had been playing with it; at length heard it in the paper lining of my hat, and the next moment both trumpet and hat were thrown over my head, and fell at the other end of the room, some ten feet from the place where I sat. I immediately called out to those who had been in the room, "They did it, they lay and trumpet at the farther end of the room, where I had heard them fall some person in the room, but myself and the boys—and I, during the whole of this performance, holding both hands of each medium firmly upon it."

I next placed the glass vial on the table, and again requested all to leave the room—holding the boys' hands in mine the

same as before. When all had retired, and the doors were closed, I requested the Spirit to break the bottle if he could. He said he would try, and directly there came down upon the table a tremendous rap, as if some heavy man, standing upon it, had stamped with the heel of his boot. But the bottle was not broken. Again the heavy blow was heard, and the bottle fell upon the floor, but without being broken. One of the boys picked it up and placed it again upon the table, and as soon as his hands were fairly in mine, the heavy rap or blow was heard again; and these blows were repeated. I should think, some ten or twelve times, every time jarring the whole room—they were so loud and heavy, and the vial meantime falling upon the floor three or four times. But of this I am certain, that every time a heavy rap came, the mediums were doing quite still, and both their hands firmly grasped by mine. At last came another jarring rap upon the table, and I heard the sound of broken glass; and instantly—I still holding fast the hands of the mediums—the trumpet was taken up and presented very near my face, and these words distinctly pronounced through it: "I fixed the old thing at last."

The door was then opened, and there was my glass vial broken into more than fifty pieces, upon the opposite side of the table from where I sat—none else in the room at the time but myself and those two little boys, and both their hands being every moment grasped by mine, save when one of them was picking up the vial from the floor. I gathered up the pieces of that vial in a newspaper, took them to my lodging-room, and brought them with me to Brooklyn, and they are *pieces still*; and you can see them, Mr. Editor, any time that you will call at my house. So then, if I was *biologized* when Johnny broke, or seemed to break that glass vial, then I am still in the same abnormal condition. And not only so, but every one else is *biologized* whenever he comes in sight of these pieces of glass, for the vial appears broken to all others just as it does to me.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't this experiment shake your theory a little? If not, say what kind of a demonstration would show its fallacy. I confess that I should have been glad to have your theory proved true; but after what I have witnessed, I give it up and am forced to admit that Spirits can and do under certain circumstances, operate directly upon dead matter, so as to lift tables, chairs, trumpeets, and other like objects.

The question has been repeatedly put to me: "Why could not Johnny do the strange things related in open daylight?" I can't answer that question. The Spirit himself says that the rays of light from the sun, made matter too bright for him to operate upon it, and so he is forced to wait until night, when the light is so dim that he can operate upon it. He says that he is not to be believed in anything that says; therefore it is safe to disbelieve this. Quite as probable a reason may be because Johnny is a Spirit that loves darkness rather than light.

Yours truly,
B. F. BARRETT.

P.S.—In giving this simple statement of the phenomena I witnessed in Buffalo, I can not forbear adding, that my views of the dangers of the new prevalent intercourse with Spirits, and of "manifestations" such as I have here recorded, and my opinion of the general character of the Spirits concerned in them, remain wholly unchanged. I would not say that they are all evil Spirits, but I have no doubt that a large proportion of them are; and even when they discourse like angels of light, as they sometimes do, I know of no more way of determining their real character. I have gathered many facts, going to show the consummate craft and subtlety of the Spirits, and how they will often communicate to their eager listeners many things true and beautiful at first, apparently for no other purpose than to gain their confidence, and then lead them captive whitherwherever they will. I heard of one of two and cases of this kind while in Buffalo, which are abundantly confirmatory of all that Swedenborg has said of the great danger of having sensible intercourse with Spirits.

I had several reasons for recording the facts and demonstrations which I witnessed, and sending them as I did for publication in the *Herald*. I knew that the Editor of that paper was a disbeliever in the possibility of such facts as *objective realities*, and was a strong advocate of the *biological* theory. I knew that he had devoted many columns of his paper to the advocacy of his cherished theory; and I had reason to believe that some of his readers, who had never availed themselves of the opportunity of demonstrating its fallacy, were inclined to favor his view. But, after what I witnessed in Buffalo, I knew that his theory was not true—that it was mere moonshine; and I therefore felt it obligatory upon me to do something towards undeceiving the Editor and his readers—to do, at least, so much as I did—lay a simple statement of facts before them, and leave them to draw their own conclusions. It was with a good deal of reluctance that Mr. Hough consented to publish my communication, and not until he had kept it a considerable length of time, and had written me suggesting the propriety of my withdrawing it, and had himself published nearly a column in his paper, the general tone and character of which may be inferred from this simple sentence: "We may as well ignore the mystery [of so long withholding from his readers B. F. B.'s communication] by frankly stating that we have read the communication with a feeling of sadness and regret which we have seldom experienced." But in his next week's issue my communication was published, accompanied by four columns of comments from his own pen. Those comments were of such a nature as clearly to demand a reply from me; for, however easy it might have been to overlook the discourtesy—to call it by no harder name—to imputing to me a lamentable delusion, because my facts did not agree with his darling theory, I could not so easily let pass unnoticed his singular use, or abuse rather, of the teachings of Swedenborg. Knowing that the Editor's quotations from Swedenborg were all irrelevant, and knowing also that there was not a line anywhere in this author's writings to justify or uphold anything so preposterous as Mr. H.'s theory in view of the substantial correctness of my statements, (which the Editor himself admits) how could I permit his comments on my communication to go unnoticed, without a manifest neglect of duty on my part—to duty, not to myself merely, but to the readers of the *Herald*, and the cause of truth.

I accordingly prepared, and sent for publication in the *Herald*, the following communication, which Mr. Hough returned to me a few days ago, declining to publish it. I therefore ask its publication in the columns of the *Telegraph*, hoping that

through this channel it may reach some of those for whom it was intended. It is much to be regretted that the Editor of the *Herald* should have shut out from his columns a communication like the following, whose publication, after his four columns of singular comments, was so obviously demanded by every principle of justice, and every feeling of real regard for the best interests of the cause to which his paper is professedly devoted. An editor always inflicts a wound upon his own cause—often a much deeper one than he imagines—by any attempt to suppress the truth, or to keep his readers in the dark on any subject which he allows to be treated at all in his columns. And one object I have in sending to your paper this rejected communication, is to record my solemn protest against every such course as this which the *New Church Herald* has adopted. The reason assigned for rejecting it is, that he does not wish "to keep up a discussion on the subject, and make it a prominent point." Yet, singular enough, every issue of his paper since this communication was sent him has contained more or less of a discussion of his side of this very subject; and if the Editor will look over his previous issues, he will find more than ten times as much from his own pen on his side of the question, or in support of his false theory, as there has been on the other side, or in support of the true theory. Besides, there is a proper and an improper point, at which to close the discussion of any subject; and if Mr. Hough had closed the discussion of this just at the time when my rejected communication was sent him, (which he did not), it is for the reader to say whether this would have been closing it at just the proper point.

Moreover, (and I am sorry to have to record such a fact,) the tone of the *Herald's* editorial remarks in regard to myself personally, has been quite different since the rejection of this communication, from what it was before. Previously my articles in that paper had been deemed by the Editor quite unexceptionable; and every issue of his paper since I have been in correspondence with him, has contained more or less of a discussion of his side of this very subject; and if the Editor will look over his previous issues, he will find more than ten times as much from his own pen on his side of the question, or in support of his false theory, as there has been on the other side, or in support of the true theory. Besides, there is a proper and an improper point, at which to close the discussion of any subject; and if Mr. Hough had closed the discussion of this just at the time when my rejected communication was sent him, (which he did not), it is for the reader to say whether this would have been closing it at just the proper point.

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FIRST LETTER TO THE NEW CHURCH HERALD.
Mr. Editor.—Your comments upon my communication concerning the Spirits, published in the *Herald* of December 29th, are of such a nature as to demand a word in reply.

It is not particularly pleasant for any one to be held up in a public journal as an object of pity—as one who has been strangely wrought upon, deluded, and misled by Spirits—as one who, poor fellow! "has permitted himself to come under the influence of those [wicked] Spirits"—"permitted himself to indorse and advocate a doctrine," which "can not be regarded as true," etc. And it is the more unpleasant for a man to be thus pilloried in the columns of a paper which he had endeavored to aid, and in which he had aided somewhat, with his pen. Still, I am not particularly disturbed by this. I have become somewhat accustomed to treatment of this sort, and when a horse has once become accustomed to the curry comb, he does not wince under it like a young colt. I have nothing, therefore, to say to your *mourning apparel*. I concede your perfect right to be just as *lachrymose* over my poor deluded self as you please, and to cover yourself all over with black crape if you choose. But I have something to say of the manner in which you have used Swedenborg, and the heavenly doctrines revealed through him, in your comments upon my communication about the "Spirit manifestations."

Let me state in the outset, that, in my communication upon which you have commented to the tune of four full columns, I have not appeared as the "advocate" of any "doctrine," or the defender of any particular theory touching the modern "manifestations." I have presented myself before your readers simply as a *chronicler of facts*—nothing more nor less. I did not attempt to speculate or philosophize upon those facts, and I was entirely willing that you and your readers should draw from them whatever inferences you thought proper—explain them in any way most agreeable to yourselves. That they were *strange facts*, very curious cases of phenomena which I have never seen a record of which I sent you, is not denied. But am I to be blamed for that? Am I to blame for recording the facts as an honest and faithful witness, and giving them to the public, allowing every one to draw his own conclusions? If not, then why were you made so very sad by that communication? Why were you so reluctant to let your readers see my statement of facts? Was it really because you were unwilling to have them see how so respectable an individual as Mr. B. had been deceived and deluded by Spirits? I half suspect it was because my facts—particularly that most stubborn one of all about the broken bottle—conflicted with your darling and long-cherished theory, and indeed upset it completely. I know that those facts disclosed the fallacy of your theory; but I supposed that you would feel about the matter just as I did—that you would prefer to have your readers know the truth, rather than rest in a false theory, however dear that theory might be to yourself. It was this consideration alone—the simple desire to have your readers know the truth—that induced me to record and send you the facts I did. And I now repeat, that I not only think those facts, as *objective realities*, occurred in every essential particular as I related, but I know it, just as I know any other facts which I have learned through the senses of my faculties. There were a hundred little things which occurred in that "Spirit Hall" at Buffalo, which could not well be put on paper, but which, when witnessed by a cool and careful observer, and when taken all together, were of such a character as to enable me to say with my high authority, "I am able to testify with the most solemn oath that can be offered," that these things occurred as *outward objective realities*, substantially as I have related.

Suppose Swedenborg had taught (as you would have your readers believe) that such things as those related in my communication could not take place under any circumstances whatever. What then? Am I to assume his infallibility, and then, after this unwarrantable assumption of my own, refuse to look at facts, or to credit the report of my senses, when such report or facts seem to be in conflict with his teachings? Much as I honor Swedenborg—and I yield to no one in my respect for him and his teachings—I feel that I should be paying him but a sorry compliment indeed, were I to allow anything he has taught to make me deny or reject demonstrated facts, or the combined testimony of three of my senses. Suppose he had declared that intelligence could not be communicated by means of electricity, nor ships propelled by means of steam; must I then refuse to believe in Morse's telegraph, or the power of the steam-engine? Though receiving intelligence every week by the telegraph, and hearing the click of the machines, and though often a traveler on the steamboat and rail-car, must I believe that this is all a delusion—that words are not really spelt out by lightning, nor boats moved by steam? Swedenborg is the very last man to require or command any such subject surrender of our understanding and common sense, to his dictum. And he is the last man who would feel honored by such ignoble surrender. Therefore I can not help feeling that you have—unintentionally, no doubt—done him very great injustice in the manner in which you have presented him to your readers in your comments upon my communication.

But, as a matter of fact, Swedenborg has not taught (as you would have your readers believe) that Spirits can not, under any circumstances, operate directly upon material objects, or do such things as those related in my communication. That they can not, and do not *ordinarily*, is conceded. But if he has so taught, will you be kind enough to refer me to the passage—to one self-

tery passage? Is your comment, you have quoted not less than sixteen extracts from his writings, by way of showing that, according to the teaching of this high authority, I must have been *biologized* when in "Davenport's hall," or that the things I there witnessed did not occur as *ultimate facts*, but that they were mere *illusions* produced by Spirits. Now, I affirm that no one of the extracts you have cited has any bearing whatever upon the phenomena which I witnessed. Not one of them goes to prove that I must have been *biologized*, or in any peculiar psychological condition, or that the things I witnessed did not actually occur as they seemed to occur, or that E. S. pronounced such things impossible under any circumstances. You may think this a bold and sweeping declaration, but I am willing to stake what little reputation I may have for common sense, logical acumen, and a knowledge of the heavenly doctrines, on the truth of it. I appeal to all your readers, and ask them to read with care my communication, and then your sixteen extracts from Swedenborg in the connection in which they stand in his writings, and say whether my assertion be not strictly true. The extract which comes nearest to serving your purpose, or to being applicable in the way of showing that the things I witnessed in Buffalo were, as you believe, "simply phantasies induced upon my mind," is the one quoted near the bottom of your second column of comments from A. C. No. 1957. (In citing this passage, you have referred them to "No. 1," the particular work and number being omitted, doubtless by mistake.) In this passage Swedenborg says:

"There are Spirits who induce such appearances, by phantasies, that they seem as if they were real. For example, if anything is seen in the shade, or by moonlight, or even in open day, if the object be in a dark place, those Spirits keep the mind of the beholder fixed and unceasingly in the thought of some particular thing, either of an animal, or a monster, or a forest, or some such thing; and so long as the mind is kept in this thought, the phantasy is increased, and that to such a degree, that the person is persuaded, and even just as if the things were real."

And here you have stopped quoting, without allowing your readers where they can find this passage—stopped in the middle of a paragraph, as it stands in the *Arcana*. The balance of the paragraph doubtless seemed to you not worth citing, but to me it seems rather important. Here it is:

"Such occurrences take place with those who indulge much in phantasies, and are of weak minds, and hence are rational credulity. Such are visionaries."

Surely, Mr. Editor, you would not cut me into such a category as this, would you? If any one else were to charge me with being a "visionary," excessively "credulous," inclined to "indulge much in phantasies," I should certainly expect that you would take up the cudgel in my defense. I know you would, though you might not be willing to go quite so far as to defend me against the charge of being one of "weak mind." Whatever other sins have been laid to my charge, I am not aware that even my worst enemies have charged me with belonging to the class of individuals with whom E. S. says "such occurrences take place." If then, you do not consider me of that class, don't you see that this No. 1957 A. C. is inapplicable to the case in hand—don't apply to the phenomena I mentioned at all? Or, if perchance, I should be set down as "visionary," "credulous," "of weak mind," given to "indulging much in phantasies," etc., I will then bring you the testimony of others who witnessed precisely the same things that I did, some of whom I am certain you would not think of classing with the individuals here referred to by our author.

Besides, it is here said that "those Spirits keep the mind of the beholder fixed and unceasingly in the thought of some particular thing, either of an animal, or a monster, or a forest, or some such thing," just as *biologized* people treat their subjects. But this was not the case with me. In the large majority of instances, my mind was not previously fixed at all upon what the Spirit did—often upon something very different. When I requested him to take off my hat, I had no thought whatever of his passing the trumpet over my shoulder and knocking it off with that in the manner he did. When he lifted me clear from the floor in my chair, and let me down again not over gently, I was expecting and thinking of nothing of the sort. When the bottle was placed in a remote corner of the room, and the Spirit was requested to break it, I did think from what I had witnessed, that he would break it there. But contrary to my expectation, he said he could not—had not influence enough—it was too far from the mediums. And when he did break the bottle, I was thinking and expecting that he would take it up and strike it against the table—a method entirely different from the one he did pursue. And so in a hundred other instances—showing that the phenomena I witnessed had no relation whatever to the "phantasies" of which E. S. is speaking in A. C. 1957.

Then I had the evidence not only of sight—for some of the phenomena transpired in the light—but of hearing and feeling also. And when bright daylight was admitted, after certain experiments which were performed in the dark, the sense of sight then, in every instance, confirmed the report of the other senses, showing that there was no illusion—no "phantasy," such as E. S. is here speaking of.

Then what have your first six extracts from E. S. to do with this question? How do they show that the things I witnessed were not really done, or that they were "not objective realities, but phantasies induced upon the minds" of the witnesses? Pray, Mr. Editor, will you tell us how, or will any of your readers tell us? Here are the references: "A. C. 994, 1022, 5, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752,

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS

VOL. IV.—NO. 42.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 198.

The Principles of Nature.

B. F. BARRETT ON SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Mr. Editor—Being in Buffalo a few weeks ago, I availed myself of the opportunity which then and there presented itself of witnessing for the first time some of the more external "spiritual manifestations," sometimes called physical demonstrations, (was anxious to know for a certainty whether Spirits could, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon material objects, or whether the cases in which they were supposed to do so, were mere phantasies—illusions of the senses wrought by the power of the Spirits. Having, therefore, fully satisfied myself by a number of experiments which I instituted, that the biological theory, maintained by some as a mere fallacy, and that Spirits can, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon matter, so as to move tables, chairs, and other material objects, I wrote a communication to the *New Church Herald*, published in Philadelphia, and edited by the Rev. Sabin Hough, giving an account of some of the things which I witnessed, and according at least one fact which demonstrated the fallacy of the biological theory, of which Mr. Hough has for some time been a strenuous advocate. The fact referred to may be found in the following extract, which formed the conclusion of my communication to the *New Church Herald*:

Such were some of the phenomena which I witnessed, or seemed to witness, at "Spirit Hall," for two or three days in succession. Did these things really occur as outward, objective realities, or were they mere appearances, produced by some peculiar psychical condition which had been induced upon me without my knowledge? Were they facts, or phantasies? Was I deluged, and then made to hear voices which were never produced, and to feel the touch of a trumpet, when no trumpet was there, and to witness other strange things, which, after all, were mere phantasies, having no existence as objective realities? I could be sure of one thing, that these things seemed to occur, and were related. Nor did I think myself in any unusual mental or bodily condition. I was in no way conscious of anything like what is called a magnetic or biological influence upon me. Still, I might have been deluged. I resolved, if possible, to satisfy myself on this point, and at the same time to test the soundness of your theory. I determined to procure something which might be broken by the Spirit, thinking that I would then gather up the pieces, take them home with me, and see if the thing would remain broken. Accordingly I went the next day to an apothecary's shop and procured a six-ounce glass vial, made of such thick strong glass, and of such shape, that I could treat upon a pretty heavily without breaking it. Neither the proprietor of the shop nor his assistants knew anything of my purpose. I proceeded to fill the vial with this vital air, and as soon as the door and windows were closed, a voice came through the trumpet, which was audible to every one present, saying:

"I want to give you New York men a test."
"That is precisely what I have come for," said I; "and I wish to have my test in my own way."
"Very well," said the proprietor of the Hall; "you can do as you please about that."

"Thank you, Mr. Davenport," I replied. "You say it is only necessary that two boys (the mediums) should be in the room, in order that Johnny may go through with his performance."
"Precisely so,"

"Then I would thank you all to leave the room as soon as I shall have arranged everything to my liking."
I thereupon ordered the table (top four or five feet in diameter) to be placed in the center of the room, and the two boys to be seated on opposite sides of it. I then placed my glass vial in a chair in the front corner of the room, and took my seat by the table, having the boy on my right hand and the other on my left. I then requested the boy to put both his hands together, so that I could with one of them, grasp both hands of each boy, and suddenly I was lifted as by their several hands from the floor, and drawn away from the table precisely as if some person had been behind my chair, and done this with his hands. Having my hat on, I next requested the Spirit to take it off, and immediately the trumpet was taken from the table, (coming from the sound) was taken up from the table and placed within a few inches of my face, and those words spoke through it with perfect distinctness, but with the same peculiar bulky voice as on former occasions:—"Can't break the bottle because it is—has no influence enough!" and thereupon the table began to rise, notwithstanding my arms and those of both the boys rested upon it. I then asked,

"Johnny, can you lift the table with me on it?"
"Yes," rang through the trumpet.

Accordingly I jumped upon the table and after grasping both hands of the boys again in mine, the table, with me upon it, was lifted several inches from the floor, swung gently in the air, and then fell again, doing me a considerable of a jump. I then got off, seated myself again in my chair, grasped both hands of each boy, and suddenly I was lifted as by their several hands from the floor, and drawn away from the table precisely as if some person had been behind my chair, and done this with his hands. Having my hat on, I next requested the Spirit to take it off, and immediately the trumpet was taken from the table, (coming from the sound) was taken up from the table and placed within a few inches of my face, and those words spoke through it with perfect distinctness, but with the same peculiar bulky voice as on former occasions:—"Can't break the bottle because it is—has no influence enough!" and thereupon the table began to rise, notwithstanding my arms and those of both the boys rested upon it. I then asked,

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same as before. When all had retired, and the doors were closed, I requested the Spirit to break the bottle if he could. He said he would try, and directly there came down upon the table a tremendous rap, as if some heavy man, standing upon it, had stamped with the heel of his foot. But the bottle was not broken. Again the heavy blow was heard, and the bottle fell upon the floor, but without being broken. One of the boys picked it up and placed it again upon the table, and as soon as his hands were fairly in mine, the heavy rap or blow was heard again; and these three were repeated. I should think, some ten or twelve times, every time leaving the whole room—floor, walls, and heavy, and the val mounting falling upon the floor three or four times. Flat of this I am certain, that every time a heavy rap came, the mediums were sitting quite still, and both their hands firmly grasped by mine. At last came another jarring rap upon the table, and I heard the sound of broken glass; and instantly—still holding fast the hands of the mediums—the trumpet was taken up and presented very near my face, and these words distinctly pronounced through it: "I fixed the old thing at last."

The door was then opened, and there was my glass vial broken into more than fifty pieces, upon the opposite side of the table from where I sat—none else in the room at the time but myself and those two little boys, and both their hands being every moment grasped by mine, were when one of them was picking up the vial from the floor. I gathered up the pieces of that vial in a newspaper, took them to my lodging-room, and brought them with me to Brooklyn, and they are pieces still; and you can see them, Mr. Editor, any time that you will call at my house. So then, if I was deluged when Johnny broke, or seemed to break that glass vial, then I am still in the same abnormal condition. And not only so, but every one else is deluged whenever he comes in sight of these pieces of glass, for the vial appears broken to all others just as it does to me.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't this experiment shake your theory a little? If not, say what kind of a demonstration would show its fallacy. I confess that I should have been glad to have had your theory proved true; but after what I have witnessed, I give it up and am forced to admit that Spirits can and do, under certain circumstances, operate directly upon matter, so as to lift tables, chairs, trumps, guitars and the like.

The question has been repeatedly put to me, "Why could not Johnny do the things which related in open daylight?" I can't answer that question. The Spirit himself said that the rays of light from the sun, which come upon the table, are too strong for him to resist. He always handled material things in the light. But Spirits are not to be believed in anything they say; therefore it is safest to disbelieve this. Quite as probable a reason may be because Johnny is a Spirit that loves darkness rather than light.

Blackbury, January 8, 1855.

P.S.—In giving this simple statement of the phenomena I witnessed in Buffalo, I can not forbear adding, that my views of the dangers of the new prevalent intercourse with Spirits, and of "manifestations" such as I have here recorded, and my opinion of the general character of the Spirits concerned in them, remain wholly unchanged. I would not say that they are all evil Spirits, but I have no doubt that a large proportion of them are; and even when they discourse like angels of light, as they sometimes do, I know of no sure way of determining their real character. I have gathered many facts, going to show the commensurate craft and subtlety of the Spirits, and how they will often communicate to their eager listeners many things true and laudable at first, apparently for no other purpose than to gain their confidence, and then lead them captive whithersoever they will. I heard of one or two sad cases of this kind in Buffalo, which are abundantly confirmatory of all that Swedenborg has said of the great danger of having sensible intercourse with Spirits.

I had several reasons for recording the facts and demonstrations which I witnessed, and sending them as I did for publication in the *Herald*. I knew that the Editor of that paper was a disbeliever in the possibility of such facts as objective realities, and was a strong advocate of the biological theory. I knew that he had devoted many columns of his paper to the advocacy of his cherished theory; and I had reason to believe that some of his readers, who had never availed themselves of the opportunity of demonstrating its fallacy, were inclined to favor his view. But, after what I witnessed in Buffalo, I knew that his theory was not true—that it was mere moonshine; and I therefore felt it obligatory upon me to do something towards undeceiving the Editor and his readers—to do, at least, so much as I did—lay a simple statement of facts before them, and leave them to draw their own conclusions. It was with a good deal of reluctance that Mr. Hough consented to publish my communication, and not until he had kept it a considerable length of time, and had written me suggesting the propriety of my withdrawing it, and had himself published nearly a column in his paper, the general tone and character of which may be inferred from the following sentence: "We may as well explain the mystery [of so long withholding from his readers B. F. B.'s communication] by frankly stating that we have read the communication with a feeling of sadness and regret which we have seldom experienced." But in his next week's issue my communication was published, accompanied by four columns of comments from his own pen. These comments were of such a nature as clearly to demand a reply from me; for, however easy it might have been to overlook the discourtesy—to call it by no harder name—of imputing to me a lamentable delusion, because my facts did not agree with his during theory, I could not so easily let pass unnoticed his singular use, or abuse rather, of the teachings of Swedenborg. Knowing that the Editor's quotations from Swedenborg were all irrelevant, and knowing also that there was not a line anywhere in this author's writings to justify or uphold anything so preposterous as Mr. H.'s theory in view of the substantial correctness of my statements, (which the Editor himself admits) how could I permit his comments on my communication to go unopposed, without a manifest neglect of duty on my part—duty, not to myself merely, but to the readers of the *Herald*, and the cause of truth.

I accordingly prepared, and sent for publication in the *Herald*, the following communication, which Mr. Hough returned to me a few days ago, declining to publish it. I therefore ask its publication in the columns of the *Telegraph*, hoping that

through this channel it may reach some of those for whom it was intended. It is much to be regretted that the Editor of the *Herald* should have shut out from his columns a communication like the following, whose publication, after his four columns of singular comments, was so obviously demanded by every principle of justice, and every feeling of real regard for the best interests of the cause to which his paper is professedly devoted. An editor always inflicts a wound upon his own cause—often a much deeper one than he imagines—by any attempt to suppress the truth, or to keep his readers in the dark on any subject which he allows to be treated at all in his columns. And one object I have in sending to your paper this rejected communication, is to record my solemn protest against every such course as this which the *New Church Herald* has adopted. The reason assigned for rejecting it is, that he does not wish "to keep up a discussion on the subject, and make it a prominent point." Yet, singular enough, every issue of his paper since this communication was sent him has contained more or less of a discussion of his side of this very subject; and if the Editor will look over his previous issue, he will find more than ten times as much from his own pen on his side of the question, or in support of his false theory, as there has been on the other side, or in support of the true theory. Besides, there is a proper and an improper point, at which to close the discussion of any subject; and if Mr. Hough had closed the discussion of this just at the time when my rejected communication was sent him, (which he did not) it is for the reader to say whether this would have been closing it at just the proper point.

Moreover, (and I am sorry to have to record such a fact), the tone of the *Herald's* editorial remarks in regard to myself personally, has been quite different since the rejection of this communication, from what it was before. Previously my articles in that paper had been deemed by the Editor quite unexceptionable; and even when he had written in his paper, in regard to my variation after receiving some down or more, he always handed them to the compositor without even first looking them over himself. They had been often commended in the editorial columns; and in all the private letters which I had received from Mr. Hough, there was never the slightest fault found with either the spirit, language, or sentiment of my communications, save in one solitary instance; and then I immediately changed the form of the expression upon the simple suggestion of a query by the Editor. But since the refusal of this article, Mr. Hough, having good reasons for believing it would be published elsewhere, my former articles in the *Herald* are spoken of by the Editor very differently from what they were when first published, and in language not particularly flattering or courteous. The Editor has suddenly come to see them in quite a different light, and now talks to his readers about B. F. B.'s "unkind" and "bitter personal allusions," of which he had never said a word before, in public or private, and promises that "the utmost care shall be taken that hereafter he" no more such offensive things in the *Herald* as B. F. B.'s communications have contained, and characterizes my view of some of the phenomena of Spiritualism as positively "pernicious." Really it is hard, after having the columns of a paper so peremptorily and unjustly closed against one, as those of the *Herald* have been against me, to find one's self treated in this manner by the same paper. But the saddest part of it all is, that the *Herald*, by refusing to insert this article, has proved faithless to what it has hitherto held up to its readers, somewhat boastfully, as one of its fundamental principles, namely, liberty of thought and of speech upon all subjects proper to be discussed in a public journal, and so long as the rules of propriety and the laws of charity were not violated. This principle has now been practically abandoned by the Editor of the *Herald*; and by such abandonment he has allied himself to that class of editors who are willing that only their view of any subject shall be presented, and has thus forfeited his claim to the sympathy and support of those who desire to see a subject fairly investigated, and who believe that correspondents and readers of public journals have some rights as well as editors. But I shall be content to have the reader find for Mr. Hough the very best apology he can, and put the best construction possible upon the course that has been pursued by him.

In justice, however, to my New Church brethren, and to prevent your readers from forming a more unfavorable opinion of them than they otherwise might, from this little circumstance, he led to form, I will say that I presume not one in a hundred of them—I hope there are none—will justify Mr. Hough in the course he has pursued, or feel that there is really any excuse for him. And I can also say, that I believe, from the best of my knowledge—from my intercourse with New Churchmen, and from the letters I have received since Mr. Hough's strictures on my communication—that there is not one in fifty who would be willing to subscribe to his biological theory, after admitting the substantial correctness of statements which Mr. Hough himself does not pretend to deny or doubt. I have not yet met with a single New Churchman who has read my statement of facts, and Mr. Hough's comments thereon, who did not consider his attempt to sustain his biological theory, in view of the admitted facts, utterly futile; and I have heard of only one.

I will also add, that the facts upon which I rely in demonstrating the fallacy of the biological theory, are facts which any one depend at all upon the honesty of the mediums, or of any body else; but they are facts which I know to be facts, and in regard to which deception was not within the bounds of possibility.

Yours truly,

B. F. BARRETT.

FIRST LETTER TO THE NEW CHURCH HERALD.

Mr. Editor—Your comments upon my communication concerning the Spirits, published in the *Herald* of December 26th, are of such a nature as to demand a word in reply.

It is not particularly pleasant for any one to be held up in a public journal as an object of pity—as one who has been strangely wrought upon, deluded, and misled by Spirits—as one who, poor fellow! "has permitted himself to come under the influence of those [wicked] Spirits"—"permitted himself to indorse and advocate a doctrine," which "can not be regarded as true," etc. And it is the more unpleasant for a man to be thus pilloried in the columns of a paper which he had endeavored to aid, and had supposed that he had aided somewhat, with his pen. Still, I am not particularly disturbed by this. I have become somewhat accustomed to treatment of this sort, and when a horse has once become accustomed to the curry comb, he does not mind under it like a young colt. I have nothing, therefore, to say to your *morning appeal*. I concede your perfect right to be just as inebriated over my poor deluded self as you please, and to cover yourself all over with black craps if you choose. But I have something to say of the manner in which you have used Swedenborg, and the heavenly doctrines revealed through him, in your comments upon my communication about the "Spirit manifestations."

Let me state in the outset, that, in my communication upon which you have commented to the tune of four full columns, I have not appeared as the "advocate" of any "doctrine," or the defender of any particular theory touching the modern "manifestations." I have presented myself before your readers simply as a chronicler of facts—nothing more nor less. I did not attempt to speculate or philosophize upon those facts, and I was entirely willing that you and your readers should draw from them whatever inferences you thought proper—explain them in any way most reasonable to yourselves. That they were strange facts, a very curious class of phenomena, which I witnessed, and a record of which I sent you, is not denied. But am I to be blamed for that? Am I to blame for recording the facts as an honest and faithful witness, and giving them to the public, allowing every one to draw his own conclusions? If not, then why were you made so very sad by that communication? Why were you so reluctant to let your readers see my statement of facts? Was it really because you were unwilling to have them see how so respectable an individual as Mr. B. had been deceived and deluded by Spirits? I half suspect it was because my facts—particularly that most stubborn one of all about the broken bottle—conflicted with your darling and long-cherished theory, and indeed upset it completely. I know that those facts disclosed the fallacy of your theory; but I supposed that you would find about the matter just as I did—that you would prefer to have your readers know the truth, rather than rest in a false theory, however dear that theory might be to yourself. It was this consideration alone—the simple desire to have your readers know the truth—that induced me to record and send you the facts I did. And I now repeat, that I not only think those facts, as objective realities, occurred in every essential particular as I related, but I know it, just as I know any other facts which I have learned through the sensitive faculties. There were a hundred little things which occurred in that "Spirit Hall" at Buffalo, which could not well be put on paper, but which, when witnessed by a cool and careful observer, and when taken all together, were of such a character as to enable me to say with our high authority, "I am able to testify with the most solemn oath that can be offered," that those things occurred as outward objective realities, substantially as I have related.

Suppose Swedenborg had taught (as you would have your readers believe) that such things as those related in my communication could not take place under any circumstances whatever. What then? Am I to assume his infallibility, and then, after this unvarnished assumption of my own, refuse to look at facts, or to credit the report of my senses, when such report or facts seem to be in conflict with his teachings? Much as I honor Swedenborg—and I yield to no one in my respect for him and his teachings—I feel that I should be paying him but a sorry compliment indeed, were I to allow anything he has taught to make me deny or reject demonstrated facts, or the combined testimony of three of my senses. Suppose he had declared that intelligence could not be communicated by means of electricity, nor ships propelled by means of steam; must I then refuse to believe in Morse's telegraph, or the power of the steam-engine? Though receiving intelligence every week by the telegraph, and hearing the click of the machines, and though often a traveler on the steamboat and rail-car, must I believe that this is all a delusion—that words are not really spoken out by lightning, nor boats moved by steam? Swedenborg is the very last man to require or command any such alleged surrender of our understanding and common sense, to his dictum. And he is the last man who would feel honored by such ignoble surrender. Therefore I can not help feeling that you have—unintentionally, no doubt—done him very great injustice in the manner in which you have presented him to your readers in your comments upon my communication.

But, as a matter of fact, Swedenborg has not taught (as you would have your readers believe) that Spirits can not, under any circumstances, operate directly upon material objects, or do such things as those related in my communication. That they can not, and do not ordinarily, is conceded. But if he so taught, will you be kind enough to refer me to the passage—to one of the

many passages? In your commentary on these quoted not less than thirteen extracts from his writings, by way of showing that, according to the teaching of this high authority, I must have been deluged when in "Swedenborg's Hall," or that the things I there witnessed did not occur as ultimate facts, but that they were mere illusions produced by Spirits. Now, I affirm that to one of the extracts you have cited, I have been hearing whatever upon the phenomena which I witnessed. Not one of them goes to prove that I must have been deluged, or in any peculiar psychological condition, or that the things I witnessed did not actually occur as they seemed to occur, or that E. S. pronounced such things impossible under any circumstances. You also think this a bold and sweeping declaration, but I am willing to stake what little reputation I may have for common sense, logical acumen, and knowledge of the facts, upon the truth of it. I appeal to all your readers, and ask them to read with care my communication, and then your thirteen extracts from Swedenborg in the connection in which they stand in his writings, and say whether my assertion is not strictly true. The extract which comes nearest to serving your purpose, or to being applicable in the way of showing that the things I witnessed in Buffalo were, as you believe, "simple phantasies induced upon my mind," is the one which says, "I witnessed the second volume of my communications from A. C. No. 1067." (In citing this passage, you have referred that "No. —" to the particular work and number being quoted, doubtless by mistake.) In this passage Swedenborg says:

"There are Spirits who induce such appearances by phantasies, that they seem as if they were real. For example, if anything is seen in the shade, or by moonlight, or even in open day, if the object is in a dark place, these Spirits keep the mind of the beholder faintly and unconsciously in the thought of some particular thing, either of an animal, or a monster, or a forest, or some such thing; and so long as the mind is kept in this thought, the phantasy is increased, and that to such a degree, that the person is persuaded, and even, just as if the things were real." In this passage Swedenborg says:

"And here you have the phantasy, which is induced upon the mind of a person, as it stands in the Arcana. The balance of the paragraph doubtless seemed to you not worth citing, but to me it seems rather important. Here it is:

"Each occurrence takes place with those who induce such in phantasy, and are of weak mind, and hence are rendered credible. And yet, sometimes,"

Surely, Mr. Editor, you would not cut me into such a cat's paw as this, would you? If any one else were to charge me with being a "visionary," "entirely credulous," inclined to "indulge much in phantasies," I should certainly expect that you would take up the cudgel in my defense. I know you would, though you might not be willing to go quite so far as to defend me against the charge of being one of "weak mind." What ever other sins have been laid to my charge, I am not aware that even my worst enemies have charged me with belonging to the class of individuals with whom E. S. says "such occurrences take place." If, then, you do not consider anyone of that class, don't you see that this No. 1067 A. C. is inapplicable to the case in hand—don't apply to the phenomena I mentioned at all? Or, if perchance, I should be set down as "visionary," "credulous," "of weak mind," given to "indulging much in phantasies," etc., I will then bring you the testimony of others who witnessed precisely the same things that I did, some of whom I am certain you would not think of charging with the individuals here referred to by our author.

Besides, it is here said that "these Spirits keep the mind of the beholder faintly and unconsciously in the thought of some particular thing, either of an animal, or a monster, or a forest, or some such thing," just as biologists treat their subjects. But this was not the case with me. In the large majority of instances, my mind was not previously fixed at all upon what the Spirit did—upon something very different. When I requested him to take off my hat, I had no thought whatever of his passing the trumpet over my shoulder and knocking it off with that in the manner he did. When he lifted me clear from the floor in my chair, and let me down again not over gently, I was expecting and thinking of nothing of the sort. When the bottle was placed in a remote corner of the room, and the Spirit was requested to break it, I did think from what I had witnessed, that he would break it there. But contrary to my expectation, he said he could not—had not influence enough—it was too far from the mediums. And when he did break the bottle, I was thinking and expecting that he would take it up and strike it against the table—a method entirely different from the one he did pursue. And so in a hundred other instances—showing that the phenomena I witnessed had no relation whatever to the "phantasies" of which E. S. is speaking in A. C. 1067.

"Then I had the evidence not only of light—but of hearing and feeling also. And when bright daylight was admitted, after certain experiments which were performed in the dark, the sense of sight then, in every instance, confirmed the report of the other senses, showing that there was no illusion—no 'phantasy,' such as E. S. is here speaking of."

Then what have your first air extracts from E. S. to do with this question? How do they show that the things I witnessed were not really done, or that they were "not objective realities, but phantasies induced upon the minds" of the witnesses? Pray, Mr. Editor, will you tell us how, or will any of your readers tell us? Here are the references:—A. C. 994, 1, 622, 5, 119.

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1886

At Home again.

The Editor is now for a few days at his post, but will probably visit Carbondale, Pa., in the course of the ensuing week, after which he will lecture in several places in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Maine. Persons in those States who may desire his services as a lecturer, should address him without delay, that the programme of his future course may appear, if possible, in the next number of the TELEGRAPH.

FACTS, INCIDENTS AND CONDITIONS,

OR BRIEF RECORDS OF AN EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Western Correspondence was abruptly discontinued at the close of a very brief narration of the circumstances which led to the recent controversy with President Mahan, which occurred at Jackson, N.H., on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st. The discussion occupied only six hours, but so deep and general was the feeling awakened that it was often remarked in our hearing, that no other occasion had excited so much interest in this, or been the means of securing so much interest in this, and in the minds of so many people. It was further observed, that the citizens generally had little or no disposition to "split hairs," all listened in a most respectful manner to the explanation of its facts and principles. The intense calm and the serious onset of the outward elements had the power to intimidate the ladies, or keep even invalids at home.

During my stay in Jackson I was entertained with a generous hospitality at the residence of Mr. H. S. Isenot, one of the most enterprising and successful merchants in Michigan. From Mr. I. and the members of his intelligent family circle, as well as from Mr. and Mrs. Wood and others, the writer received many tokens of personal kindness which are embossed as "pleasant memories." They tempered the wintry storms that hovered over our path, and their light remains to gladden the shadows of the past. Verily, life has its pleasures, and the revolving seasons are mysteriously appointed to all human existences. Few may be expected to escape life's pleasures and bitter frosts. The evenings of December fall on us, and like "leaves in wintry weather" our hopes perish; sadness and indifference check the springs of pleasurable emotion, and the streams of generous feeling are frozen at the fountain. But the spirit of kindness, like the soft, south wind, dissolves these icy restraints, and friendship, the sunshine, fragrance and music of summer to the mind and heart.

Among the spiritual phenomena related in our presence by the friends at Jackson, we will make a brief record of two or three examples. A friend informed the writer that some time since, at about the hour of 12 o'clock (midnight) two persons who were occupying the same sleeping apartments heard a loud report resembling the sound occasioned by the discharge of a pistol. This was subsequently twice repeated at the same hour of the night. The next day after the occurrence of the third report, a relative of the family was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun. About two months after, a Spirit came and announced the fact through a medium. A subsequent examination verified the statement of the Spirit in the most complete and unmistakable manner.

A gentleman by the name of Bennett, who resides at Union City, Mich., has a son, aged twelve years, who for some time past has been a remarkable medium. Ponderable bodies are moved with great apparent ease and with astonishing momentum. On one occasion a mahogany chair started from its place by the will of the apartment, and deliberately walked up to the table without any cause of motion which the senses could detect. Heavy footsteps—as if invisible persons were walking around the table and through the room—were also heard by the whole company. One evening while the boy was in Jackson, at the residence of Mr. Wood, his boots were repeatedly taken off, and in one instance carried into the street. On another occasion when his boots were thrown violently from his feet, one of them passed some distance through the air, and while it was falling, all at once it was suddenly arrested, buoyed up, and fell lightly as if it had been made of gossamer. Powerful convulsions occur in his presence, which might lead the uninitiated to suppose that a strong man was striking the floor or underside of the table with a heavy mallet. One evening the Spirits extinguished a solar lamp while it was sitting on the table in the midst of the circle, and in several instances the members have been handled and carried by Spirit-hands.

While in Jackson the writer had a pleasant interview with Wolcott H. Keeler, Esq., formerly and for many years distinguished as an efficient member of the Vermont Assembly, and in various official capacities, but especially for his unflinching devotion to correct principles. During the conversation Mr. Keeler related several facts in his spiritual experience. On one occasion the Spirit of his first wife promised to give him a communication when a convenient opportunity should occur. Some time after he went to visit a strange medium nearly one thousand miles from his residence, which is in Decatur, Michigan. On entering the room of this strange medium he found that the Spirit-wife had arrived before him, and that one half of the promised communication was actually written before he crossed the threshold.

One day while Mr. Keeler was in a profuse perspiration, he sat down in an exposed position and took a heavy cold, which settled on the throat and lungs. For six months he suffered severely from a bronchial difficulty which was accompanied with a racking cough, and a sensation as if there was a burr in his throat. Whilst in this state he entered a room where there was a Spirit-medium. Without hesitating at the nature of his case, the medium rose and unsolicited commenced manipulating his throat and chest. The disease was immediately subdued, and in four days Mr. K. was perfectly well and experienced no return of his disease.

From Jackson the writer went to the beautiful village of Ann Arbor, the seat of the Michigan University, which controls the popular taste and sentiment of that place. Such an institution naturally exerts a strong influence over a small community, but while it contributes to refine and elevate the public taste it is liable to interpose certain formidable obstacles to original thought and practical reform. A thorough scholastic discipline according to the prevailing modes, at the same time it polishes the mind and manners is also liable to forge golden chains for the mind of man. Verbal forms and precise methods are often given to the free spirit. Few become truly wise; many become conventional, and cling with unswerving pertinacity to ancient and stereotyped forms of thought. Our whole system of edu-

cation is unfortunately calculated to put us in possession of what others have conceived and expressed, rather than to develop in ourselves the powers of independent thought, speech and action. The memory is too much exercised, while other faculties of the mind are permitted to slumber. Thus the schools frequently make a mere lumber yard of one's cranium, and for all the earnest, practical purposes of life, wherein a masculine originality of mind and energy of purpose are required, not a few of our scholars are about as powerless as if they were made of bass-wood. Three out of four of them are never heard of after they graduate, but sink with all their early honors and acquirements to the level of the common mind.

The writer gave three lectures in the Court House at Ann Arbor, before intelligent audiences. Many of the students from the University were present, and the numbers in attendance as well as the manifest interest in the subject increased on each succeeding evening. Our last lecture occurred on the night set apart for a public lecture by one of the literary societies connected with the University. The members and others assembled at the appointed time and place, but voted to adjourn, for the purpose of giving the Society an opportunity to attend the concluding lecture of our course, which was delivered on the evening of the 4th of January, before a large and attentive assembly. At the close of the lecture Judge Lawrence moved the adoption of a resolution expressive of the sense of the meeting, and inviting the writer to continue his course in illustration and defense of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; the resolution was passed without a dissenting voice, but our arrangements were such as to render our immediate departure for other fields of labor a positive necessity. The writer was most cordially entertained at the residence of Judge Lawrence, in whose fire-side circle the visitor breathes an atmosphere of light and refinement, which is pleasing to the man of taste as genuine freedom and hospitality are grateful to the stranger.

The writer gave two lectures in Detroit on Sunday, Jan. 6th, and the following day returned to Jackson intending to cross the country directly to Ironville, on the Michigan railroad en route to Coldwater, where we were expected to commence a course of lectures on the 8th of January. But the elements did not pay any special respect to our plans. A furious snow storm and the intense cold made it necessary to postpone the lectures at Coldwater for one week, during which time the writer was detained at Jackson. Among the persons who are interested in Spiritualism at C., we found a number whose intelligence and social position command universal respect and confidence. Our course at Coldwater consisted of four lectures, the first of which was given in the Court-house, and the remaining three in Crippin's Hall, which will accommodate a larger audience than any church edifice or other public building in the place. The concluding lecture was given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th, and the large Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the interest seemed to be deep and general. At the conclusion complimentary resolutions, prepared by the gentlemanly Editor of the Coldwater Sentinel were unanimously adopted. At 11 o'clock on the same night we took a seat in the rail car, and at about the same hour on Saturday evening reached home, having been absent thirty-three days, during which the writer traveled two thousand miles and delivered twenty lectures. S. B. B.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

One day last week Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sanborn, of Carbondale, Pa., called at our office, and during the interview which we had with them, Mrs. Sanborn related the following particulars: For two years and ten months her lungs were so badly affected by a severe cold, that she could scarcely breathe. She had a severe cough, raised much phlegm matter, had become much weakened and emaciated, and exhibited every other symptom of deeply-seated tubercular consumption. She consulted the best medical advisers, both in the town where she resides, and in this city, but they all pronounced her disease incurable; and doubtless it would have been so, had she not obtained aid from a source above human. But while in this hopeless condition, and before she knew or believed anything concerning Spiritualism, she fell into a trance, when the Spirit of her deceased aunt appeared to her, and directed her to go to New York. She showed her that while on her way, riding in the cars, she would have a severe spell of coughing, and raising of phlegm matter from her lungs; that then a strange gentleman who had observed her, would come to her, and ask her if her disease was seated, or whether her cough was only the result of a severe cold; that this gentleman on receiving her answer, would speak of an old Indian doctor in East Broadway, who had cured him when similarly affected, and offer to accompany her to him; that she would accordingly call with the gentleman on the Indian, and that the latter would examine her, and give her a powder, and afterward a syrup, and that the treatment would result in her cure.

This vision occurred about the middle of May, 1853. Early in June Mrs. Sanborn accordingly started for New York. Whilst riding in the cars, and when not far from Jersey City, she had a severe fit of coughing and raising from the lungs, precisely such as was foretold in her vision. A gentleman, answering the description of the one who had been shown her, having observed how she was affected, came to her and asked her if her disease was seated, or whether it was only the result of a severe cold. On obtaining her answer, he mentioned to her that there was an old Indian doctor in East Broadway, who had cured him of a similar affection. The gentleman gave her his card; told her to call on him at his store in Broadway the next day, and he would accompany her to the residence of the old Indian. Accordingly Mrs. Sanborn called at the gentleman's store the next day, and was by him conveyed and introduced to the Indian. The latter examined her, expressed great incredulity as to any favorable result of her case, but finally concluded to give her a powder, saying that if it operated in a specified way, he could cure her, but if not, her disease was beyond remedy.

The appearance and address of the gentleman who met Mrs. S. in the cars; the appearance of the old Indian, his manner of receiving her, the furniture, etc., in his room, and all minute incidental particulars not herein named, were exact repetitions of the scenes in her vision; except barely one unimportant thing—the powder seen in the vision as given her by the Indian was white, while that which the Indian actually gave her was grey.

Now for the result: After remaining in this city seven weeks under the treatment of the old Indian, she returned home with her cough removed, her lungs healed, her speech restored, and she was so much improved in flesh that some of her most intimate friends did not know her; and from that time to this, she has been free from pulmonary difficulties, and generally well in other respects. Soon after the foregoing events took place, she became a medium for Spirit-speaking, visions, etc., and remarkable developments have been given through her; and no other unpleasant result has grown out of the affliction than that of bringing down upon herself the red hot wrath and indignation of her former fellow-members of the Methodist church. But even this she is in a fair way of surviving, whilst the bolts hurled by her persecutors have rebounded upon themselves, doing such execution as ought at least to teach them a profitable lesson.

We regard this whole case as a peculiarly interesting one, as it not only absolutely demonstrates the existence and interposition of a power and intelligence superior to that of man in the flesh, but affords a wonderful illustration of the powers, laws, and almost incredible resources of spiritual precision.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE INSTITUTE.

Mrs. A. J. Davis occupied the speaker's stand in Suyessant Institute on Sunday morning last; the audience was large and the lecture, by her modest grace and marked ability, secured the undivided attention of a numerous assembly. Mrs. Davis selected as her theme, *The Practical Application of the Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy to Individual and General Reform*. The lecture was replete with plain and profitable suggestions respecting the laws of life and health and the conditions necessary to a harmonious, physical and spiritual development. It was, moreover, written in a lucid and pleasing style, and rendered still more attractive to the cultivated hearer by the quiet ease and simple elegance which characterized its delivery. Altogether it was an interesting and instructive lesson, conceived in a calm, philosophical spirit, and expressed with equal delicacy and earnestness.

The lecture to which we refer—the only one we have ever heard from Mrs. Davis—was in all respects such as to warrant our speaking in high terms of the author's merits as a public lecturer. We have seldom listened to a discourse from a lady with so much interest and pleasure. Mrs. D. stands at ease before the audience, is perfectly self-possessed, yet in her manner there is not the slightest approach toward an unbecoming coquetry or the least appearance of affectation. Her propositions are clearly defined, appropriately expressed, and consecutively treated; at the same time her imagination clothes the most practical thoughts with a poetic diction. She modestly retires behind her subject, the principles and details of which are revealed and illuminated by her presence. Her voice, which is clear as a silver horn, is modulated with much taste and discrimination, and the masculine lover of all natural truths is not less pleased because Nature thus speaks to him through one of her fairer forms.

Mr. Davis occupied the stand in the evening, but we had not the pleasure of listening to his lecture.

THE KOONS FAMILY.

A raw evening since we attended a circle at Jackson's hotel, 341-3 Spring-street, at which Mr. Jonathan Koons, his son and daughter, and Mrs. Jacobs, were present, and served. Our wishes and the designs of the Spirits in the capacity of mediums. The circle was composed of intelligent friends with whom the writer is personally familiar. There was not one in the company who could be induced to aid in deceiving himself or others. The writer held both hands of one of the mediums, whilst the others were similarly guarded by members of our own company. The report in some of the western papers that the daughter of Mr. Koons—invisible only because of the darkness—was the chief operator in the circles, had done nothing to diminish our vigilance; but notwithstanding all our precautions, the phenomena which have been so frequently described by others in these columns, occurred in our presence. The manifestations were powerful, greatly diversified in form, and otherwise extraordinary in their character. We were certainly unable to detect any indications of deception, or so much at a willingness to deceive on the part of any one of the media.

Mr. Koons and his family will remain a few days longer at the same place in Spring-street, and will hold circles whenever the intelligence that disposes him to do so, shall be given, for which he desires us to say, he will charge nothing on his own account, but will gratefully accept whatever visitors may be pleased to offer him as a consideration for his time, etc. Those who may desire to occupy rooms at the Hotel for the purpose of holding circles, will be expected to make the necessary arrangements with the proprietor.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

The following extract from an authentic account found in the writings of Rev. Henry M. D. D. of spiritual demonstrations which occurred in the year 1649, seems to tally well with some of the more violent manifestations which now occur in the presence of certain mediums; and its citation may enable Spiritualists of the present day to shake hands with the centuries of the past, and to recognize a common and ever operative law as governing, and under certain conditions, insuring tangible communication between the world of mortals and the world of Spirits. The occurrences herein related, took place in a house which had been previously occupied by King Charles I. and happened after that monarch had been beheaded. They took place on the occasion of the temporary occupancy of the house by a company of surveyors. It should be premised that, in order entirely to obliterate the memory of the king, an ancient oak standing near the house, and called the "King's Oak," had just previously been dug up by the roots, and many of the demonstrations were made by the violent moving of the wood of which it was composed. Passing over the first strange occurrences, we quote the following:

October 25.—The curtains of the bed in the withdrawing room were drawn to an fro, the bedstead shaken to and fro, and in the bed chamber glass flew about so thick (yet not a pane of the chamber windows broken), that they thought it had rained inside. Whereupon they lighted candles, but to their grief they found nothing but glass.

October 26.—Something walked in the withdrawing room about an hour, and going to the window opened and shut it; then going into the bed-chamber, it threw great stones for about an hour's time, some of which lighted on the bed-head, others on the trunk-bed, to the number in all of above fourscore. This night there was also a very great noise, as if forty pieces of ordnance had been shot off together. At two several knocks it astonished all the neighboring dwellers, which was thought might have been heard a greater way off. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, both commissioners and servants were struck with so great horror that they cried out to one another for help; whereof one of them recovering himself out of a strange agony he had been in, snatched up a sword and had lifted to have killed one of his brethren coming out of his bed in his shirt, whom he took for the Spirit that did the mischief. However, as they went all together, yet the noise continued so great and terrible, and shook the walls so much that they thought the whole manor would have fallen on their heads. At its departure it took all the glass away with it.

November 1.—Something, as they thought, walked up and down the withdrawing room, and then made a noise in the dining room. The stones that were left before, and laid up in the withdrawing room, were all fetched away this night, and a great deal of glass (not like the former) thrown about again.

November 2.—Something came into the withdrawing room, treading, as they conceived, much like a bear, which first only walked about a quarter of an hour; at length it made a noise about the table, and threw the warming-pan so violently that it quite spoiled it. It threw also glass and great stones at them again, and the bones of horses, and all so violently that the bedstead and walls were trembled by them. This night they set candles all about the rooms, and made fire up to the mantel-trees of the chimney; but all were put out, nobody knew how: the fire and billets that made it being thrown up and down the rooms, the curtains torn with the rods from their beds, and the bed-posts pulled away, that the better fell down upon them, and the feet of the bedstead were cloven in two; and upon the servants in the trunk-bed, who lay all this time sweating for fear, there was first a little, which made them begin to stir, but before they could get out there came a white cow, as it were, of slinking ditch-water down upon them, so green that it made their shirts and sheets of that color too. The same night the windows

were all broke by throwing of stones, and there was most terrible noise in the three several places together, to the extraordinary knowledge of all that lodged near them; may, the very country-stories that were spread that night, were so frightful with the almost thundering, that for hours they left their ferret in the country-boroughs belied them, to find it somewhat well. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God, what it was? what it would have to do with them? and what they had done that they should be disturbed in this manner? and when no answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. As length it came again, and as all of them said, brought even devils worse than itself. Whereupon one of them lighted a candle again, and set it between the two chambers in the doorway, as which another of them flung his eyes, saw the multitude of a host striking the candle and caudling into the middle of the bed-chamber, and afterward making three courses on the staff to pull it out. Upon this the same person as was held as to draw his sword; but he had scarce got it out when an invisible hand also got hold of it, and tossed with him for it, and preventing such sin as violently with the point, that he was stunned with the blow. Then began grievous noises again, inasmuch that they calling to one another got together, and went into the garden-chamber, where they said prayers and sang psalms, notwithstanding all which the thundering noise still continued in other rooms.

November 3.—After this they removed their lodgings over the gate, and next day, being Sunday, went to church, where how they conceived the authors of the Revelations knew not; but regarding on Monday, the Devil, for that was the name they gave their nightly guests left them not undisturbed, nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they staid.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

It must be admitted by every intelligent reader, that the "Lyric of the Golden Age" is a splendid triumph of the Lyric. The sublime heights of the ancient Parnassus are lost beneath the heaven of imagination from which the Poet

"Steps to touch the loftiest thought."

There is a startling reach and boldness in many of the flights, while the ideas look like stars that rise in heaven to illuminate the world. The elements of ethereal beauty, of exquisite pathos and almost unapproachable grandeur here mingle in sublime concert, while the spirit that pervades the whole is pure, lofty and divinely just. The moral influence of the poem must be good, and in all respects worthy of the high estate of its immortal authors. Error, vice and crime, every species of tyranny and slavery, and all forms of evil, are condemned and spurned; Truth and Love are crowned with divine honors, while personal virtues, practical justice and universal holiness are hymned as the appropriate graces and accomplishments of purified and perfected humanity.—*Brittan's Introduction.*

To show how far the author of the Introduction to Harris' Golden Age is sustained in the opinion he has expressed of the merits of the poem, we shall occasionally transfer to our columns the testimony of others, who may be presumed to be disinterested and competent judges. The following is copied from an editorial notice which originally appeared in the *United States Journal*:

"Our readers certainly can not charge us with being flattered with modern Spiritualism; and while we commend the beautiful and poetic effusions of Mr. Harris, we will not question the accuracy or influence of his imagination. The series thus far comprises three volumes; beside the above, 'An Epile of the Starry Heaven,' and 'A Lyric of the Morning Land.'"

These poems are alike remarkable for their profound philosophy and their exquisite beauty. They have the ring of the true metal; and while they are stamped with the highest attributes of poetry as an art, they breathe a melody which can only come from the soul of song.

To attempt an analysis where every page is laden with thought, and every line the utterance of interior truth, would be as hopeless a task as a metaphysical bombardment of that Serenopod of exact sciences—"Positive Philosophy." We are therefore improved to briefly glance at their tendency, and meanwhile pluck a few of those bright gems that sparkle in their pages, to irradiate our own editorial corner.

The doctrines evolved in these poems appear to be the highest form of a Christian Spiritualism, and address themselves rather to our interior than to our exterior senses. In these poems, the following conclusions: That God is a dual principle of mind and matter—soul and body—spirit and form—wisdom and love—male and female—father and son; that through the Christ, the divine worker comes to man; that as God is the word, so is Christ the work; as God is love, so is Christ the expression of that love; as God is the divine infinity, so is Christ the divine humanity; that all the earths were projected to develop man, who is the ultimate of creation—the effect of infinite cause—the end of intelligent design; that this material life is not a probation, but a necessity—as that the lower should precede the higher—the infant the full grown man; that man can not escape the inevitable consequences of his acts; that he must always bear within him his happiness or his misery; that while his condition will always determine his place, yet he has ever the power to alter the one, and change the other; and finally, that the great law—not only of the human soul, but of all material and spiritual universes—is eternal progression.

While on the one hand we can not assent to all these conclusions, yet on the other, we find so much that agrees with our highest aspirations of what might be, that we feel strongly tempted to let concerns fold her wings and retire for a time from the field.

As we linger over the pleasant pages, we can not fail to notice the resemblance (in a more general form than that of the words) of that serene moralist, Pindar; while Coleridge, in "The English Plover," again waves around us the charm of his woodland conceptions. There are many passages stamped with all the burning eloquence of a Byron, but glorified by the halo of a living faith; and others as touching in their beautiful simplicity as a mother's love, or a young child's dream.

No one who is familiar with "Queen Mab" can fail to be struck with the remarkable resemblance between that exquisite production and many parts of these poems; and while we can trace in their fire the flames of many of the old masters of song, we can say of the repeated author (whom modesty has made the medium), here, indeed, the man upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the immortal Shelley.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO MR. WHITMORE.

In reply to the inquiry from Mr. Whitmore, published in the TELEGRAPH of the 2d of February, instant, I request that you will re-publish the subjoined quotation from "Taylor's Physical Theory of another Life." There seems to be very little discrepancy between the ideas suggested by that author, and those communicated to me by the Spirits.

Taylor conceives that the Spirit-world may coexist above, and throughout this world, unseen and unfelt by mortals. "That within the space occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving, another element, fraught with another species of life—corporeal indeed, and various in its orders, but not open to the cognizance of those who are confined to the conditions of animal organization—not to be seen nor heard, nor to be felt by man. Our present conjecture reaches to the extent of supposing that within the space encircled by the sidereal revolutions, not less real than the one we are at present conversant with, a universe elaborate in structure, and replete with life; life agitated with momentous interests, and perhaps by fitful interests; a universe conscious perhaps of the material spheres, or unconscious of them, and firmly believing (as we do) that to be the only reality. Our planets in their sweep do not perforate the structure of this invisible creation; our sun does not scorch its plains; for the two collateral systems are not connected by any active affinities."

"This would bring 'the things which are not seen,' indeed, near to and around us. To enter the other world would not be so much a removal in space as just to be made loose from, or to become inseparable to the conditions of this life. Death will be only the destruction or disappearance of human and earthly affinities, and directly we shall be surrounded by affinities adapted to our new state of existence, and shall find ourselves a congenial home in and around our present habitation."

"Much is argued in favor of this theory. It is said to be made highly probable by the known truths of physical science. An unseen world, in all respects material, inhabited by corporeal beings, it is said, is not impossible. There are material elements which are not cognizable to any of our senses, except by a round of research and experiment, and then only in their remote effects, as, for instance, electricity. The atmosphere also, and light, are material, and yet so subtle as almost entirely to evade our unaided observation; and may there not be still others as yet to us unknown? We are related to, and become ac-

quainted with, the external world by the medium of the five senses; but who will say that there are not other senses hidden in potentiality, our nature which may be made of other sensitive communication with the world far more refined in its constitution, with which we can co-exist in contact?"

"It is further supposed that this invisible world existed in a shadowy state of the present life; and as it is a stage of being, remote superior to this, it may be that its inhabitants have a higher degree of intelligence than we have, just as we are superior to those who have been in our state, when it can hardly be supposed that they know anything of our existence. Hence, too, it is conceivable that it may be possible for those to break through the veil of material life, in this way we might become for the time being, superior beings which are superior to popular notions, and in some cases substantiated by evidence almost too strong to be denied. The origin of premonitions and tokens is also supposed to be in this condition. Then we are indeed surrounded by a host of beings, who stand around, or bend over us, and look with sympathy upon the struggle of life, and when they see we are cramped in the material, they break through in their action and become united to the spirits to whom we are heirs of eternal life."

"It is also supposed that these beings, in the world unseen, are equalized to communicate with the material inhabitants of this world. The facilitation of communication may be to grow in the mind, that the spirit is unobscured, and the different laws of science in the wide universe may converse with each other, and one family in their Father's house."

"Of the locality of this invisible Spirit-world the writer of the extremely vague, or he would not have suggested the idea of it, as it is, as yet, unproven. The Heaven of Spiritualists is one, one hundred thousand miles below the moon. It is not, therefore, to be perceived even by the satellite."

Mr. Whitmore is no doubt aware that any animal, not with reason, if placed within a glass globe, would be as likely to perceive the position of its transparent prison as we are to being in the mundane sphere is able to perceive the position of the world. I have seen a mirror broken by a dog striving to see his own image as reflected therein; and upon seeing a lion I saw a dog jump through the back of a glass globe, regardless of the pane which he broke. I have seen a bird fly at glassed windows, expecting the way to be open, in belief in Spiritualism involve that Spirits enter and leave mansions in buildings without resistance from wood-work or masonry.

There must be a world for Spirits somewhere in space, if it is a Heaven and Hades for their residences. But if this is the case, this world can not obstruct telegraphic vision, since its locality is not detected by the telescope.

It appears to me essential to a belief in the existence of a soul as an invisible Spirit after death, that invisibility should be associated with the habitation of Spirits. The Spirit-world must have a relation to the temporal world analogous to the relation exists between the soul and its corporeal mortal mansion.

DR. HARE ON THE TELEGRAPHIC SPIRITS.

On the REMARKS OF W. F. (OF THE TELEGRAPH) FOR THE 2d OF FEBRUARY, INSTANT, RELATIVE TO THE SPIRITUALS, AS DISCUSSED BY THE SPIRITS, ANSWERED BY DR. HARE'S WORK.

Tax question is, Whether we are in every case to believe which we can not understand, or whether upon evidence to believe in things of which it is beyond the human mind to conceive? If the first position were taken, most of the laws assumed by astronomers would be set aside. Can any be more incredible than that a ray of light conveyed to the eye by the Ross Telescope with a velocity of two hundred miles in a second, has been ninety-four thousand paces from the star which it renders visible? Can anything more incredible than that the sun, which appears to us as a foot in diameter, can keep Neptune in the orbit at the distance of thirty-three thousand millions of miles? Can it be that the naked eye seems to consist of one body, actually made of two suns which revolve about a common center of gravity the distance apart of six thousand millions of miles? Can things be more difficult to believe, than that the galvanic change by which telegraphic messages are transmitted through rigid wire, at the lowest estimate would encompass the globe within two seconds? Last, but not least, we have the will of God reaching and controlling a hundred millions of systems, and causing the whole to react harmoniously without volving about the center of gravity of the aggregate. In view, as Spiritualists we believe upon evidence that Spirits exist, and can pass in and out of closed systems despite of wood-work or masonry.

I have carefully endeavored by evidence to ascertain as far as facts relating to these invisible beings. Let W. F. over that evidence and show where my defect exists. If he not do this, it is reasonable to dash the whole structure founded on evidence, down into rubbish, by mere fanciful speculation founded on mental peculiarity. I am directly in communication with Spirits, and find that the higher Spirits are the communications of my Spirit-father, sanctioned by a revelation of Spirit, in every essential particular. But it is utterly in vain for any investigator to serve the cause of Spiritualism by such arbitrary suggestions as those of W. F., or over the results of investigations laboriously made, and carefully and precisely as were mine.

I have already, in noticing Mr. Whitmore's queries, called attention to the fact, that as the Spirit-world has not been discovered by Ross's Telescope, to doubt its invisibility is to question the existence of such a world.

It may be expedient to subjoin some paragraphs from work, which it is probable may have been overlooked by W. F.

Since we know that the animal frame for the most part lies on the exposure to the air, warmth, and moisture, returns to the sphere whence it is mainly derived, it follows that on undergoing a vital change the soul must take the Spirit-form, unless it perishes its material tenement. So far, then, all who believe in the immortality of the soul, must coexist with Spiritualists that on dying we become Spirits.

It will then be admitted by all who believe in the immortality of soul that, as for every mortal that dies a Spirit is born, immortality must exist. It is not then reasonable to consider that we are producing phenomena which can only be ascribed to invisible, desirable, rational, and affectionate beings, especially as they themselves sanction this inference by word and deed?

Were a tyrant to enclose a human being while alive within a glass vessel, the aperture through which the introduction should be to be being closed by a stopple soldered in air-tight, all the pandemonium of the corporeal body would be retained; but can any one believe the soul to survive the body, that it would not be included in that vessel so long as it should endure? Can it exist itself with a carbonated peroxide, vulgarly called rust, and then go no farther change; so that the corporeal elements might be retained to an infinite time. But could the soul be thus imprisoned perhaps to eternity? Could the tyranny of a man time imprisoned mortal soul? Does it follow that the soul would not be contented in air-tight and apparently impenetrable metallic vessel?

Agreeably to Scripture, heaven is above, over our heads; so the Tower of Babel from reaching it, a confusion of tongues is ordained. The second commandment speaks of heaven above and of hell beneath. Christ "descended into hell," according to the apostle; of course, hell is below. "Whoever calls his brother a dog is in danger of hell-fire." That hell and fire should be thus associated is therefore consistent with the observations of geologists, who tell that the interior of the earth consists of ignited matter of which iron are the safety-valves, however inconsistent with reason to suppose immortal souls to be breathing thereon.

Not enlightened Christians do not, I believe, know well within their hearts, nor call in fire to aid in their conceptions of it. Relatively more rational ideas of the future shade of souls is that of its being ac-

very point on the earth's surface, and equidistant therefrom. This would be the case of a space concentric with the earth, and which falls with the idea of that comprising the spheres of Spiritualism.

We have this earth, in order to imagine any location beyond the sphere of astronomical bodies, would place the locality at a distance, according to Herschel, requiring almost hundred thousand years for light to travel, moving with the velocity of light, two hundred thousand miles in a second. In one of my lectures, in 1842, I suggested that heaven might be situated at that central space about which all the constellations of the universe have been supposed to revolve.

But if we infer a general place of reception for souls, then in that spiritual emporium every real from all the myriads of planets, of all the star systems of the universe, must converge. For more rational does it seem that our heaven should be associated with our own planet, in the welfare, the past history, and future prospects of which the souls who were here upon it, must take prominent interest.

The separation of any heaven into spheres seems inevitable, since the association of Spirits according to their virtue and intellectual acquirements, and equally inseparable to harmony and happiness. Thus the more virtuous, wise, and cultivated Spirits are, the higher their sphere of existence.

Our First Paper.

On our first page will be found an article from Rev. Mr. Barrett, a well known clergyman of the Swedenborgian Church, giving the results of certain spiritual investigations which he instituted some weeks ago, in presence of the Davenport mediums. A small portion of the matter embodied in that article was originally published in the *New Church Herald*, and another portion that journal had the liberality to reject in consequence of its supposed opposition to the teachings of Swedenborg. Being shut out of the *Herald* in the midst of a controversy respecting the reality of Spiritism upon material substances, Mr. B. has sought admittance into our columns in order to set himself right before the public, and we cheerfully insert his article not only on account of its intrinsic interest, but as a pleasing evidence of the growing liberality of one of the leading minds in the New Church. It will be perceived that Mr. B. writes from a Swedenborgian standpoint, but implicitly declares himself a follower of facts rather than Swedenborg, should there ever be a conflict between the two.

It will be remembered that the Davenport mediums, while in this city a few weeks ago, were detected by Spiritualists in an attempt to practice a deception, though no Spiritualist, as we are aware, doubts that they are really mediums for Spiritism. The manifestations witnessed in their presence by Mr. Barrett appear to have been such as to exclude the possibility of deception. We doubt not that most of our readers will peruse Mr. B.'s article with absorbing interest, notwithstanding its extreme length; and in order to supply an extra demand for this number of our paper, especially for circulation among New Church people, we have caused an extra edition to be struck off.

In his own Trap.

The following paragraph, which we extract from the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury of the 31st instant, makes it apparent that the author of the California "Lure" ghost, in the further illustration of his natural propensities, has, at length, ensnared himself. Deceivers often fall into their own snares. So long as the *Pioneer* is engaged in trapping, the editor himself is legitimate game.

THE BUREAU OF THE *MERCURY* OF August 26th, we published a poem by Edgar A. Poe, entitled "The Spirit of Song," which has been copied into several of our exchanges, and highly complimented. By the last mail from California, we received the November number of the *Pioneer*, Magazine published at San Francisco, and edited by our whilom partner and friend, P. C. Emery, Esq., author of "The Festival Nights of August 26th and 27th"—the wonderful narrative that "sold" Judge Edmonds and other Spiritualists, at the time of its publication, some twelve months since. On turning to the "Editor's Table" of the *Pioneer*, we found "The Spirit of Song," prefaced by the following remarks: "A literary gentleman of Philadelphia has furnished the *Sunday Mercury* of that city with the following poem, which was found among the papers of the author of 'The Raven' but had never appeared in print before. It is not among the best of Poe's, but quite characteristic." Our friend is slightly in error when he says the poem in question "was found among the papers of the author of 'The Raven'." We intended nothing of the kind, but simply stated that it was sent to us by a literary gentleman of that city, and had not appeared in print before. The "literary gentleman" was, and is at present, we believe, a *Spirit-Medium*, and through him Poe wrote the poem. Will the author of "The Festival Nights" acknowledge that he owes us?

The Sacred Circle.

Owing to the great press of professional engagements, and the impaired health of Judge Edmonds, the November and December numbers of the *Sacred Circle* were somewhat delayed. New arrangements, meanwhile, have been made respecting its typographical execution and publication, and it has been placed in the charge of our zealous and indefatigable young friends, the Messrs. S. A. and H. Hoxby, who now set the type with their own hands, and perform the duties of publishers. Our friends have succeeded in improving somewhat its typographical appearance, and it is hoped and expected that hereafter the appearance of the monthly numbers will be more prompt. The present number contains articles bearing the following titles: "Letters from the Indian Country," by Judge Edmonds; "The Resurrection," a story by Susan A. Hoyt; "Death in the Life-cure," (Poetry); "J. W. Edmonds' Reply to Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism;" "Life's Pilgrimage," (Poetry), by Miss Hoyt; "Dialogues between a Spiritualist and a Skeptic;" "Poetry and Flowers;" "Our Spirit Services;" "Correspondence." The *Circle* is for sale at our counter. Subscriptions, etc., forwarded to O. G. Warren, 321 Broadway, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received the following new books, of which we will give more extended notices as soon as we get time to examine them more fully:

The Golden Rule, or the True Measure of a Man's Character. By R. F. Barrett.

New York: R. F. Barrett and Co., pp. 312.

In this work the author has labored with a success which has even transcended our expectations, to exhibit the enlarged and catholic liberality of the teachings of Swedenborg respecting the materials and composition of a true Church, as including all who are in the predominant love of goodness and truth, of every nation and name, whatever their specific belief may be. It would seem that the array of quotations which Mr. Barrett has given from Swedenborg on this and kindred subjects, should stand as an efficient rebuke to the apparently unbridled views entertained by many of the professed followers of the Swedish sect. For sale at this office, price \$1; postage 16 cents.

For sale at this office, price \$1; postage 16 cents.

The Kingdom of Spiritual Powers; received chiefly through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. R. Adams, by A. B. Child, M. D. Boston: Heath, Marsh, pp. 194.

This work was compiled by the compiler and editor of the "Lily Bazaar," and is compiled from the same medium, and consists of pieces dictated by Spirits on various subjects. The admirers of the Lily Bazaar will not fail to be equally pleased with this volume. For sale at this office. Price, common binding, 15 cents; superior binding gilt edge, \$1.50. Postage 15 cts.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

CLARK spoke in Sanson-street Hall, last Sunday, remaining in Philadelphia during the present week, and speaking there next Sunday.

MR. J. CLARK and MRS. JOSE F. COLEMAN speak in Newark, Wednesday evening, the 25th.

Original Communications.

LOUSELLE.

This night was dreighted deep in gloom,
And my dark soul was shrouded deeper,
When once I sought young Louelle's tomb,
Down where the tall dark willows weep her;

And I had my shrouding bow,
On the cold turf over the sleeper.

And I prayed—oh, it was in prayer,
When the soul, in dimphant madness,
Grasped the chalice of despair

To quench the dregs in maniac gladness,
With such wild, such bitter impulses,
All that founds impulse of sadness.

I prayed that the soul of man,
When all that seemed of life has perished,
Still lives on—still hovers near us;

The beloved, the lost, the cherished—
They round whom the heart's young tendrils
Crept and clung until they perished—

If they still live, and still remember
Aught of promises they've spoken,
Will they not return and tell us

How the spirit, crushed and broken,
Sought the peace of which earth never
Can but give a shadowy token!

Oh how high heaven but frowned in vengeance
All this loneliness over earth,
That man, "cursed man," may court the ruin,
And in mockery of truth,

Make him forget the bolts to crush him
From the loveless thicket of earth?

For even this little blushing flower,
Bending o'er my Louelle's grave,
Must by its pale cheek down and wither,
(Wane of beauty follows wane,

Hastening on from light to darkness,
Hastening, hastening to the grave.)

"Ere why, O why," I shrieked in anguish,
"Is the lost one moldering here?"

As I sprang in demon madness,
Clutching at dark shadow's veil;
But they passed as they had gathered,
Fading out like things of fear.

Still my brain seemed burning, burning,
And the impious thoughts surged on,
Seething through the soul's dark ruin,
To find some spot ungrazed upon—

Careering through the black night gloom,
Till all that once was pure seemed gone.

For now I reeked not why proud heaven
Breathed all this living hell—why
It fashioned all this loveliness,
Creating that it might destroy—

As that best kissing bow has risen
Upon hardy oak in its demon joy.

For now the gloom had changed to grandeur,
And terrific beauty lurked
Flame after flame, that seemed to daily
And howl in its gloom through the damned world;

Past answered palm from the depths of space,
And the lapping flames through the midnight curled.

No! 'twas a gala night proud world,
And I yelled with the battling demons there,
Till my hot pulse leaped with a painful joy;
For the hissing ruin was scorching where

To find one spot ungrazed, unblasted,
That it might crush the last hope there.

But no, not yet—for the murky gloom
That sprang from the doomed earth as a pall,
Was rent and foam, scattered, flying;
And the regions of ruin swept past me, all—

Defeated, broken; in their own ranks
Had slept the elements of their fall.

They rolled away from the trembling earth
In scuffling, sullen, angry flight,
Growing in their hurried flight
Far away on the wings of night,

Leaving only balmy freshness
In the footstep of their might.

And the stars came out as calmly
As if the golden set of sun
Had loosed them when departing from them,
As it bade the watchers come;

And they came with a light so pale and holy—
O, the change was a magic one.

And the flowers looked up in "the light of stars"
And watched the pale smiles of their beaming,
Glistening in their dripping spangles,
In endless beauty gleaming, gleaming;

Till it seemed so meet for the gentle sleeper
(For the gentle Louelle) to rest here dreaming.

For if flowers can love, then the immortal,
(Here in its modest beauty creeping)
Lend the gentle, gentle sleeper,
And now is leading o'er her weeping.

Through the lovely quiet hours
A tearful watch in its vigils keeping.

For that was the flower the loved so well—
She used to watch it round her tresses,
And long, long, O so long ago,
It made her girlhood's fancy drest;

And the laughter when Bowdoin barked and tore
All her chaplets up in his rude career.

But it was strange on that weird night,
To see another watcher there
At such an hour, in such a place,
And that one, too, so fair,

Calling the flowers the storm had trampled
In its fury everywhere.

Nearer, nearer, drew the stranger—
It seemed so like a dream to meet—
And I spoke not to the watcher,
When I deemed it right to greet

Till she loomed to call a visitor
To the low mound at my feet.

"Pardon me, Lady," I gently said,
"But do not touch that flower,
It has been drooping o'er that spot
Through the storm's sweep of power;

My hand has feared it there, and, too,
The deeper loved that flower."

She spoke not, but she raised her head;
The flowers from her fair hand fell—
Her yellow hair gleamed in the star-light—
She turned—it was Louelle!

And round her brow and tresses twined
A wreath of immortelle.

She looked as when in girlhood's hour,
On such a night as now,
She used to breathe the immortal,
Around her fair young brow;

And the old love light beamed in her eye
Like a well remembered now.

She spoke of things back in the past,
From memory's treasures brought;
And yet not spoke, but brain to brain
Seemed linked by answering thought;

And thoughts half formed, but yet would seem
Like inspirations caught.

The lone hours passed, and with them all
My dark thoughts passed away;
Louelle still lives, and still remembers
All the used to say;

She whispered of a happier morrow,
And the vision faded into day.

MR. DANIELS' BOOK.

Illustration of the Christian's Position, by J. W. Daniels. New York: H. B. Davis, 1856.

This is the age of book-making. Being also an age of progress, we find the old standard of literary publication little altered. Once it was supposed to consist in the right to go before if one had no shoes; now it is exemplified by the fashionable privilege of writing books, whether we have brains to put into them or not. The worst use that could possibly be made of the one under consideration, would be an attempt to refute it—show that it is not just as wise, just as conclusive, and just as thorough an exposure of modern Spiritualism as its author deems it to be.

By the frontispiece we are led to believe that this "Labor of Love" was conceived through a period of *travail* with what the author took to be a "medium" and a head of steam. However begotten, after painful travail, we are told by himself it was born in prayer, and hence may possibly live to "glorify" us. But he is too true to himself to (or avert his progress) for though it may not touch just the lesson Mr. Daniels designed, or establish fully his ideas of truth, it does teach an important lesson, and does proclaim an important truth. Nothing probably was farther from Mr. Daniels' thought, than the idea that his book was a happy illustration of a fundamental truth in the science of *Dialectics*.

The author sets out to show the utter fallacy of our experience in modern Spiritualism, and only by letting us see in the clear light of his own example, what we ought to see—a slight mistake, to be sure, but still not wholly wrong away. He confirms another truth or two which we will allude to presently. Joel Barlow in his "Hymn on Hasty Pudding" declares

"Who can believe that such a nut as this,
And all my life are made of nut and corn."

Which fact, if Joel may be presumed to know, would indicate that Indian corn made good bread and covered them with good flesh, etc.; or in other words, that it required good food to do this. All the doctors are agreed that we get a bad or imperfect manifestation of our exterior humors from unwholesome food; and we know as well that the "meat and drink" of the inner man controls its character in like manner. Conceive a child brought up on the "Spiritual milk" for American babies, drawn out of the breasts of both Testaments for their Souls' Nourishment, by John Cotton, with the Catechism agreed upon by the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster, by way of "milk," and we have a good illustration of the moral of Mr. Daniels' book.

The author has summed up and collected, and headed with all the devil, sacred and profane, he could lay his hands on. The whole herd of devils represented in his favorite picture, with all their devil-inspired energy, seems to have plunged direct into the unfathomable stomach of his own credulity, and each particular hog to have twined his infernal tail around the heart of his imagination. Could a man with such a look on his stomach perform efficient, healthy work? Impossible! Pork is bad enough, but devil-possessed pork would destroy the digestion of any man. Like Shalub, who could not get "the old man of the sea" off his back, go where he would, a man so nourished, must carry a herd of demons into every subject, for they have become incorporated with his spiritual life, and are in fact a part of himself.

One noticeable effect of such spiritual food is, the complete hallucination it produces of affecting to despise and hate it. So perfect is this delusion, that you may see a man talking of devils, and seeing evil spirits all the day long and smelling a devil when common men perceive only the divine, and he once he had a devil either broiled, stewed, or roasted for his breakfast. It is only himself he sees; his eyes are made of the food he lives on, and can transmit no object truly. It is himself he smells, for his diseased spiritual olfactory can appreciate no divine fragrance through the ascending vapors of his own inspired digestion.

I am entering more truisms. Reader, do you ever suffer a temporary suspension of your power to taste or smell? If you have, then are you aware of not only the comfort, but the necessity of a healthy nose. In the light of these truisms, pray consider for a moment Mr. Daniels' engaged upon modern Spiritualism. Having devoutly and earnestly done so, he could read, he naturally "saw" for more.

He likes them as all men do who feel on, or in other words believe in them, notwithstanding their protestations of abhorrence; and the sole reason may as well be stated at once. It is because they let him see how much higher and better he is than those poor souls who are possessed by them. They are the spiritual gas by which every pseudo saint expects to rise to the dignity of a "first fidler" in the celestial orchestra. Our churches are so many "gas companies" for the constant manufacture of it, and they turn out devils by way of "chairs." Now, turn all this gas into the sewer, where it ought to go, and with it will go out of the universe all its evil spirits, ancient as well as modern. Here is where our author got himself inflated. You see the fact fully embodied in his frontispiece.

He will philosophy of the whole book is there, and the reader who will study it will need go no farther to gather it. His *idea* is the devil of his "medium" with what is meant to represent a holy milk, indicative of the great superiority of "the uppermost" over spiritually poor people. I repeat, that this silly notion, this "devil's breath" of spiritual cast upon which we have lived so long, out of the system, and the whole troop of demons, old and young, will be—nowhere. They exist nowhere. The whole tribe was begotten of pride and ignorance. A man in the faith of demons or evil spirits can neither fulfill the law nor the Gospel. How can a man "love his neighbor as himself" and his neighbor an evil spirit while he is a good one? The thing is impossible; and the man who sees his neighbor in that light, admits it of necessity (but without seeing it), for he will not share his heaven with his neighbors nor will he give it up to be damned with him as a true brother would. The fact is, a man principled in evil spirits never saw a brother. He has no neighbor to love! While in this state of "mediumship" he was every day his own old creature. He loves his shadow and hates its shadow. There are no real men in his universe, no real things. He would trade at any time a personal acquaintance and communion with Christ and his apostles for King James' translation of the history of them. He accepts nothing as Christ-like in our day, but the Devil; and believes in nothing as being similarly good and true, but the bad and false. Let any one who thinks I have overdrawn this picture read Mr. Daniels' book.

But we get another sound lesson from this book. We have dabbled a little, or rather not a little in this "doctrine of devils" as well as Mr. Daniels. We have "haunted the potter" and he has applied it. We can easily see the ridiculousness of this "mediumship" and its shadow, should we not try to see ourselves? Mr. Daniels admits Spiritualism to be true, but declares it to be demonic. We affirm the same thing, but deny that it is wholly so. So we see Mr. Daniels is a Spiritualist, with only a few more devils in his mix than we have; but a devil or two more or less can make much difference. To be sure, he has a higher respect for the old crop of demons, (probably because Christ kicked them out), than has for ours under the gentle title of "unprogressed Spirits," but that is nothing. The practical question is, Where did they come from, and how has the whole world in all ages been infested by them? It is high time now the question was answered, because there is ability to do it. This age owes that debt to the world now, because it is able to pay it. Who will cast it in his mind, I go round with that I affirm, as my duty, to present a conviction that there is not, in all the realms of the Spirit-world, what is popularly called an evil spirit; or in other words, there is not a Spirit who, as a form of love and wisdom, that is, as a totality, but what is on a higher plane than any Spirit in the form of flesh and blood. Brother Spiritualist, who you belong with me to the new faith and the new faith, distill that ever consider in the deep heart of thee how the new faith-life which flowed from them was really and truly thy savior—how, from the grave of nonentity and the hell of despair within, the two strong currents of philosophy and ignorance had carried thee. It has saved thy soul alive. And wouldst thou crucify that savior between two devils, Jewish and American, as they did him of old, between two thieves? Consider whether this "poor of great price" can have so dark a setting—whether this "joy from from on high" can go down after all, and leave the world a hell at midnight, with all the devils that ignorance and pride ever engendered, let loose to confound it? If so, I pray thee show me thy facts—one little fact, show me that thy Spirit-father, mother or brother; or the Spirit-father, mother or brother of any other man did really and truly do in thy presence a wicked thing, and I am answered. Then seek how our author, who I learn is a professed minister of religion, is effectually shut out from all practical realization of its truth, by his evil Spirits. So of Beecher, so of Chapin, so of Potts, and so of all the rest. So that it may be, after all, that publicans and harlots will enjoy the kingdom of heaven here on earth, before the watchmen who are paid good salaries to keep a sharp lookout for its coming, are aware of its approach. They, one and all, fence it out of their souls with a narrow and unchristian witchcraft and evil spirits, of which they know nothing but the names—of which they have even nothing but the history. Oh, do not then that, I pray thee, for their sake. Be slow to attribute thy bodily disease to evil spirits, until thou hast examined well all earth-causes. Dismiss at once and forever, with a blink for thyself and a blessing for them, all thy "ragged schools" for the angels. Remember thou must look up into heaven and not down; that "men emerge angels from their clay," not demons; that we were created "a little lower than the angels," not higher; and, finally, I would have thee consider whether, whatever of

statement concerning the laws and being of the Spirit-world, that can do that a confirmation in itself and in the world, can be of any value to thee? Then believed in Spirit existence, because a Spirit spoke into thy Spirit. The test was in thee. Then seek how all human life, those tall tales of harmony with the true nature of man. Then seek how the culture and the prison, the church and the state now reform. Canst thou not see as well the cause of their impotence? When thou seest a child to be instructed, thou seest a devil to be punished; that is the difficulty. And this great mistake made is shadow over all investigations of man, whether here or hereafter. With a devil in thine eye thou canst not see him truly in any phase of his being. The error begins here, and remains here to torment thee through all thy earthly pilgrimages. Mr. Daniels would write just such a book about man in the body as he has about Spirits out of it, and one would be worth just as much as the other.

New York, February 6, 1856.

FROM INDIANA—ANOTHER SPIRIT-ROOM.

BIRMINGHAM, MISS., Jan. 25, 1856.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:

The spirits of just men are encamping around our habitations.

"O, my friends, are you here?"

Spiritualism seems to be making rapid progress in this part of North Indiana. One year ago there were but few mediums, and little was said or known by the mass of our people, concerning the phenomena with which our Spiritualists are now lavishing us. Long have the few prayed for the day of unmistakable demonstrations to come. Circles seem to spring up at points comparatively distant from each other, and oftentimes those who sit at the old family table get a "right smart" shaking when they least expect it. Some individuals men have left the families of the church, and are now rejoicing in the new way, and forming a new life. Old men who have been in the Methodist highway to Zion, as leaders of the people these many years, are now teaching the truth of the new faith.

All classes are investigating, while, as usual, those who know least about the matter, think it is hoaxing, electricity, or the Devil. An Hon. U. S. Senator tries to explain the thing with a battery. They say that he connects his apparatus with the table, and when all is ready he calls upon the spirit of "Balaam's Ass" to perform his wonders. His children coming in contact with the table are violently checked, and made to tumble around the room in a "wonderful" manner. Serious apprehensions are entertained that the Spirit of the Ass (as of old) will get this illustration sooner or later.

Captain Joseph Davis of this county (Laporte) was induced to go to "Room" Spirit-room, where he saw demonstrations which convinced him. He was told by King that if he would build a room he would give him some help in the way of manifestations. On his return, Davis published an account of what he had witnessed, in one of the county papers. He also constructed a Spirit-room, and furnished it with musical instruments. The mediums were undevoted, and such has been the destruction of the people to witness what might occur, that they have had no chance for private sittings in the hall, though the Spirits have requested it. It is now some three weeks since the hall was opened, during which time many wonderful things have occurred. Drums have been beaten, the guitar, dulcimer, tambourine, bell and wires have been played upon, tables shaken, etc. At one sitting the bass drum was struck with such force as to burst in the head. The most rapid tunes are played upon the different instruments with apparent ease and precision. At times King seems to try to do more than he can make, and if he does not succeed, then I am no judge. Terrible blows are given upon the bass drum, and upon the guitar. The guitar is played in place. The bell rings, tambourine rattles, guitar thrums, table shakes, bells ring, and wires are wound sometimes back to be let out of the room. All these things can be heard without money or price. Mr. Davis believes the laborer worthy of his hire, but does not feel the need of money in his present circumstances.

In some places mediums have been made to speak with tongues; others to sing who were not able to give the first note in their ordinary condition; in some instances the words have been composed on the spot, and were very elevating in their character. The sick are healed, Spirits seen and satisfactorily described, although never known to the medium while in the world. My grandfather died a number of years ago, in the State of Connecticut. He lost his leg about the year 1850 or 1851. For sixty days he was suspended by springs attached to the overways, being unable to bear the least jar of the floor. I was with a medium who never heard of her right hand. She was growing worse until she suffered great pain. The limb was represented as being strangled. Then motions were made as if it were being sawed and cut. The arteries were taken up; the medium groaned with pain, and wiped the sweat from her forehead. The representation lasted some five minutes. This was done without my uttering a word. Her eyes were fixed intently upon me. Could I doubt longer? The limb, the right one, as represented—swelled the same—cut in the same place—all acted to the very life!

Many other things are occurring. I will mention but one. A lady medium a few miles off has written with both hands at the same time. When our electrical brother Italian can do that he may confer his seat upon the As undisturbed. Yours truly, SANDRO STILTS.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S POSITION.

Mr. attention has just been called to an article addressed to the editor of the London Morning Advertiser, by Sir David Brewster, in which the style of argument is so remarkably accurate, so correct, so unimpeachable, in my opinion, as to be a model for all philosophers by profession, as cannot but awaken doubts of the validity of his claims to the honorable position he occupies. Suspicions of a more serious character, by far, arise when the nature of the liberty he takes with the reputation of Mr. Hume is considered.

Some years since, Sir David, in his letters on Natural Magic, (so extraordinarily addressed to Sir Walter Scott, instead of some clever school-boy), adduced many interesting facts in physics, evidently with a design to show that all the mysterious or mysterious occurrences of the past have been the result either of natural causes not understood, or the tricks of interested priests or other impostors. It is worthy of observation, however, that he carefully excepts those which are the acknowledged sanctions of his own particular faith. All others result from force and ignorance, and he comes to the conclusion, however, that, so far from establishing a solution of universal application, he has entirely failed to establish any connection between his theories and the phenomena he so confidently assails.

It now places Sir David to present himself in quite another phase. Having presented his knowledge in the work above mentioned, in abatement of what he assumes to be impossible, he now offers his own personal and profound ignorance of a fact as sufficient proof that it does not exist, and that those who offer such facts are mere knaves. He also appears to suppose mankind will take his dose and disgorge Spiritualism. I would suggest to Sir David the propriety of not uttering so serious charges without better grounds than mere assumptions, and a consideration of the utter futility of attempting to sustain a published foregone conclusion of his own ignorance by such a weak and unimpeachable rule of conduct. Such a course is palpably an insult to religion and common sense, and grossly tampers with the most sacred rights of his proposed victims. The truth of what Sir David states in the communication herein censured is not rendered clear in the assertion, and some portions of it at least, we believe, he will not be willing even to attempt to establish.

After stating that he had seen at Spirit-circles, at Belling, etc., mechanical effects which he could not explain, Sir David says, "But though I could not account for all these effects, I never thought of ascribing them to Spirits stalking beneath the drapery of a table; and I saw enough to satisfy myself that they could be all produced by human hands and feet, and to prove to others the same, and to have seen such original." Were Mr. Hume to assume the character of the Wizard of the West, I would enjoy his exhibition as much as that of other conjurers; but when he pretends to possess the power of introducing among the feet of his audience the Spirits of the dead, of bringing them into physical communion with their dearer relatives, and of revealing the secrets of the grave, he insults religion (Sir David's religion we suppose, of course), and common sense (common ignorance), and tampers with the most sacred feelings of his victims."

Now, because Sir David can not see, he concludes those who think they do, are stone blind. And because he has no faith in anything but the villainy of mankind, those who have are "villains" and mistaken, and Mr. Hume is as black as the dark and doubtless natural insipidities of Sir David can make him, or his pen proclaim.

New I am perfectly willing to stake what my little knowledge and opinions of the facts in the case are worth, that if a sensible and impartial committee were appointed to examine the respective merits (in a moral and religious point of view) of Mr. Hume and Sir David Brewster, the decision would place the latter on a plane not in the least superior to that of the person whom he has so slanderously and unvarnishedly traduced.

New York, R. I., January 25, 1856.

Miscellany.

THE AMERICAN MESSIAH OF SPIRITUALISM.—The American Messenger, the monthly organ of the American Tract Society, which holds itself justified in refusing to offer a word against the sin and crime of American slavery, devotes a column of its February issue to the denunciation of what it calls "fabled Spiritualism." The article is made up, in about equal parts, of plain sense, personal vituperation, and unchristian falsehood. For example, it easily refers to the Walden reader as "New Haven" as the fruit of "Spiritualism," and, by a cunning collection of words, leaves the ignorant reader to infer that the "mediums" were "Spiritualists." It is not within the province of this Messenger to offer an opinion as to the reliability of "Spirit Manifestations," but it is one of the duties which every press owes to the cause of truth and sound morals to expose such gross knavery as this. The simple truth is, that the "Waldenites" of New Haven had no connection whatever with the "Spiritualists," and that there is not the remotest similarity between the peculiar views of the latter and those held by the former. Nay, were the "Waldenites" and the "Spiritualists" in most particulars, similar if not identical with them of the Tract Society itself.

The Messenger, after presenting the facts connected with the case, says, "This is enough of this sickening story. Its moral is clearly written; there is no need to the wonders of the human mind, no knowledge of the power of the human will, for the laws of the human mind, the Bible, and the things of God. This is enough to show that the 'New Haven' 'prophecy' and her followers were led into the crime of murder by their belief of the inspiration of the Bible. The fact, however, is, that they are strictly 'evangelical' in their views of the Scriptures, and also in regard to the death and suffering of Christ and the final state of the righteous and the wicked. To suppose that the 'Waldenites' did not know that such was the fact, is to charge them with a gross and intentional misstatement of the facts, and published in the daily papers. So far from being the inspiration of the Bible, their very delusion was a gross and intentional misstatement of the Bible, which they interpreted as an infallible revelation of God's will. It is not, because it proves nothing, that we lack the ability of the Bible—for it does not—but simply to illustrate the grossness of the misstatement of the managers of the American Tract Society. There is one passage of that 'inspired Bible' which they so much abuse and pervert that we beg leave to comment on their special attention to it. 'All flesh shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'—John's Standard.

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5,770, 8,191. And here are two of the shortest of the extracts, which we give as specimens:

"It is not the body which sees, hears, smells, and feels, but the Spirit. 'External' light exists from interior light, and this from a still more interior, and so forth; the case is similar with every other sense."

Erge, what I saw, heard, and felt in "Davenport's hall" were not objective realities, but mere phantasies! This is a kind of New Church logic which is ahead of me, I confess. I do not suppose you mean to advocate Bishop Berkeley's theory; if you do, pray tell us of it, that we may understand precisely what the issue is. But if you admit the existence of an outward world of matter, then pray tell me why the first six extracts you have quoted from Swedenborg do not prove just as conclusively that the table I sit at, the pen I hold, the paper I see, or the music I hear in my parlor, are mere "phantasies," as that those things were phantasies which I heard, felt, and saw, when in Buffalo. I am really so dull that I can not see why your extracts do not teach that our senses are never worthy of any reliance, just as much as they teach that "no reliance whatever could be placed upon the testimony of my natural senses," when I was in "Davenport's hall." And so with every one of your extracts. I declare before all the readers of the *Herald*, that not one of them affords even a shadow of support to your theory in the face of my facts. Not one of them furnishes the slightest evidence that the things witnessed must have been phantasies, and could not have been facts. If any of your readers doubt my assertion, let them carefully read for themselves all the passages cited. Here, in the forenoon, in addition to those already given: A. C. 2,605, 3,243, 3,884, 1,880, 4,622, 5,819, 1,636, 1,637, 1,743.

Then, after having marked the array of totally irrelevant extracts, you very kindly proceed: "If the voice, the musical sounds, the ringing of bells, and the various other impressions were made upon Mr. Barrett's mind by the Spirits—if these impressions, we say, were made directly upon his spiritual senses, and not upon his ultimate and natural senses, as we think we have clearly shown from the testimony of Swedenborg must have been the case, [i.e.,] a whole platform of explanation marks ought to be put here, [then] this conclusion is a fair and irresistible one: He was, while in that hall, and while associated with those mediums, in such a state that no reliance whatever could be placed upon the testimony of his natural senses." I declare I can not believe such logic as this. I give it up—simply remarking, Mr. Editor, that if you will allow me to reason in the same way that you have, and use quotations from Swedenborg in the same way, I will undertake to demonstrate that you can ride to the moon on the tips of the plumes of a bird of Paradise in forty minutes, or that you have actually ridden there and back again already a hundred times in that way; and your readers shall decide whether my demonstration be not as complete as yours in the case before us.

But I have written enough for your sitting. You shall have the balance of my letter, to say next week—when I promise to show that the possibility of the occurrence, as *objective realities*, of phenomena like those described in my communication of December 6, is clearly recognized by Scripture, by Swedenborg, and by intelligent receivers of the heavenly doctrines in this country and in England; and not only so, but to show that there is not one line anywhere in Swedenborg to sustain your *biological* theory in the face of the statements, in my communication of the 6th ult., admitting, as I understand you to admit, that those statements were sincerely and honestly made.

Yours, very truly,
D. F. BARRETT.
Brooklyn, January 8, 1856.

SECOND LETTER WRITTEN FOR THE NEW CHURCH HERALD, BUT NOT SENT.

Mr. Editor—Having shown, to the satisfaction I trust of all your readers, the utter irrelevancy of your quotations from Swedenborg to prove that the phenomena I witnessed in Buffalo must have been illusions or mere phantasies, I proceed next to show that the possibility of such phenomena as *objective realities*, is distinctly recognized by the Bible, by Swedenborg, and by intelligent receivers of the heavenly doctrines in this country and in England. I shall be very brief in my citations.

First, let me notice briefly a criticism of yours, which should have been noticed in my last, but was overlooked. You represent me as stating that the Spirit, on one occasion "took up the trumpet and blew a whistle as loud and as shrill as that of a steam-engine;" over this you make merry, and invite your readers to laugh with you, wondering whether the people outside that hall "looked up and asked, 'What now? Whence come the cars? Is that the air-line railroad?'" etc. Now all this meritment was well enough, if there were any good grounds for it. But if your readers will look at my communication, they will see that what you ask them to laugh at, unfortunately, is not what I wrote, but your own exaggerated statement of it, amounting in fact to a mis-statement. So much for your twelve lines of attempted fun at my expense. There is no difficulty in making fun at another's expense any time, when the fun-maker is not over-scrupulous as to the language or statements which he attributes to that other.

Now to the task of showing what, in my last communication, I promised to show.

It is recorded in the gospel of Matthew (28: 2) that "the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door [of the sepulcher] and sat upon it." And then follows an account of the conversation between the women and the angel. Now we are not aware that this account of the rolling away of the stone from the door of the sepulcher, has ever been denied or doubted by Christians as an *historical fact*. In Mark's gospel it is said that this stone "was very great;" and good scholars have concluded its weight to be not less than two tons. If, then, you admit the historical truth and accuracy of this account, I am unable to see how you can deny that the Bible teaches that Spirits—even angels—can, under certain circumstances, or by Divine permission, act directly upon dead matter. Did the angel actually roll away from the Lord's sepulcher that "very great" stone, or was that mere phantasy?

Then in the Acts of the Apostles, we read that, on a certain occasion, "the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him, and laid their hands on the Apostle, and put them in the common prison." But the angel of the Lord, by night, opened the prison doors, and brought them forth" (vs. 18, 19). Now did this actually take place according to the record? If so, then an angelic Spirit not only may, by Divine authority or permission, but actually has operated directly upon matter, in such a way as to open the doors of a prison. And on another occasion when Paul and Silas were "thrust into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks," we are told that "suddenly there was a great earthquake, and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's hands were loosed; and feet too, as would appear from the account that follows" (vs. 16: 26).

Now although it is not said in the last instance that an angel did this, yet we may infer as much from the other cases cited, and also from what Swedenborg says of the power that is sometimes given them over things in the natural world. Thus, speaking of "the power which the angels exercise in the spiritual world," he says: "I have seen mountains, which were occupied

by the wicked, cast down and overthrown, and sometimes made to shake from east to the other, as though by an earthquake. I have beheld rocks cleft in sunder down to the deep," etc.; and immediately after adds: "That they have a similar power in the natural world, when it is granted them to exercise it, is manifest from the Word," etc.; showing that it may sometimes be granted to the angels to operate upon matter in a very powerful and striking manner—even to the overturning of mountains, and the cleaving asunder of rocks; otherwise it could not be said that "a similar power in the natural world," is sometimes granted them (H. H., 229).

As to the philosophy or rationale of all this, or the precise *modus operandi* of those angelic achievements in the sphere of nature, I confess myself as completely in the dark as any one can be. But this is not now under discussion. The only question in issue is, Whether such things have been or may be done by beings out of the flesh, under any circumstances? And I say that the Bible and Swedenborg agree in answering this question in the affirmative. If you ask me to give you a rational explanation of the process—to tell you how they can do such things, I must refer you to those who are wiser than I. On this point I confess my utter ignorance.

Again: Swedenborg says, "that Spirits have come to me, both now and very frequently before, with wind, which I felt in the face; yea, it also moved the flame of the candle, and likewise papers"—(S. D. 479). Here it seems that the Spirits did produce some effect upon natural objects, through Swedenborg as a medium, and yet without using his natural organs. However meager this testimony may be considered, it is certainly a clear recognition of the possibility of Spirits operating directly upon material things in the presence or sphere of a suitable medium, and without availing themselves of the natural organs of such medium; and this is all which is necessary for me to establish. That precisely such phenomena as I witnessed in Buffalo did not transpire in Swedenborg's time, and that he was not made acquainted with them, I am obliged to believe; for otherwise he would, I think, have written a chapter upon them. Nor does my belief of this interfere with my belief in our author's divine illumination, any more than does my belief that he was unacquainted with some facts that have been learned, and some discoveries that have been made in the natural sphere since his time.

That the Rev. Mr. Smithson, of London, the translator of the volume of the Spiritual Diary from which I have just quoted, entertained a view similar to my own, is evident from his note to this passage, which I here transcribe:

"The reader," says Mr. S., "may probably ask, How could the wind thus felt by the author from Spirits, move the flame of a candle, etc. The solution is probably this: that, as the author was in full communication with Spirits, their influx and operation would not only be vividly felt by him, in his bodily sensations (which is impossible with others who have not open communication with Spirits), but that external objects immediately within the sphere of the author's senses, would also be affected by the operation of Spirits; since the medium was there by which this effect could take place. Thus as Spirits could see and hear, through the author's senses, the objects in the world, it is probable that their influx might also, on some occasions, affect objects which, as just stated, were within the sphere of the author's sensations."

This shows us that so intelligent a New Churchman as Mr. Smithson, thought it not contrary to, but in accordance with, Swedenborg's own experience and teaching, to believe that, when there is a suitable medium, Spirits may, on some occasions affect material objects that are within the sphere of said medium.

Similar views have been held and expressed by intelligent New Churchmen in our own country. Thus in the New Jerusalem Magazine for November 1850, we find an article entitled "The power of Spirits exerted in the natural world." In this article, the writer, after alluding to the inability of Spirits ordinarily to "produce effects which are perceptible to all of the natural senses," remarks:

"From this it might seem, at first thought, that the production of such effects by Spirits is impossible through any medium. But does this inference necessarily follow? We think not. It seems to us to be also an inference inconsistent with facts recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, with the doctrine of the New Church, and with the true philosophy of the subject."

And, after referring to some cases recorded in Scripture, similar to those I have cited, he continues:

"Now, if we explain these and other similar facts recorded in the Scriptures, in such a manner as to deny that natural phenomena were effected by the power of angels, we deny also what is taught in the New Church doctrine—that the Scripture history, from the time of Abraham onward, is to be received as literally true." (p. 450.)

And this view of the subject appears to be endorsed also by the editor of the magazine, as appears from a note with which the article is prefaced. I say nothing here of the logic or the philosophy of that article, as I should be sorry to be held in any way responsible for either. I have simply referred to it, to show that I am by no means a solitary instance of a New Churchman's believing that Spirits may, under certain circumstances, or when there is a suitable medium, operate directly upon matter.

And not only does your explanation of the phenomena alleged find not a shadow of support from any of the passages you have adduced from E. S., but it stands, I think, in the plainest and most direct antagonism to the whole current of his teachings. For see what absurdities you ask your readers to accept, and to believe the great and ever-reverend Swedenborg the indorser of! You have admitted my truthfulness and sincerity, and the substantial correctness, therefore, of the main facts alleged; or that such impressions as I have recorded were actually made upon my senses. This being admitted, then, we are required to believe, according to your theory, that two little boys, and a certain room that they are in the habit of visiting, have become so infested or possessed by a certain class of Spirits, that any man, woman, or child, or any number of men, women, and children, the moment they enter said room, in company with said little boys, and the door is closed, and windows partially, are all at once bewitched or biologically. They all see the same sights, and all hear the same sounds, as truly as they would if they were all together in the same theatre or concert-room; yet they are all deceived. The sights and sounds are all illusions. The Spirits by which the room or the boys are possessed, enter in a moment into the whole company, and render them victims to the strangest phantasies. Their senses, which, five minutes before, were worthy of entire confidence, begin now to play the strangest pranks ever conceived, and report nothing correctly. The whole company hear loud rattlings upon the table, and the music of bell, guitar, and accordion, under the table, but there are no such sounds in the natural sphere as they all hear. They see the table raised repeatedly from the floor while the hands of all the company are upon it—they see a trumpet, guitar and accordion thrust out from under the table, and finally thrown upon it, but these things are mere illusions; their sense of seeing, which was excellent a moment before, is completely disordered now—the Spirits have bewitched their eyesight. They feel the table rise when they see it do so, they also feel the instruments that are thrown upon it, and these feel precisely as they look; but their sense of touch also has been strangely wrought upon by the Spirits and reports as falsely now as that

of sight and of hearing. The room is made still darker and straightway—as it were in the twinkling of an eye—the whole company fall more fully under the dominion of these fantastic Spirits, and the delusion is rendered still more complete. One of them, when no memorizer in the flesh has ever yet been able to affect, grasps firmly the hands of the two little boys, and requests all the others to leave the room. They do so, and then he is lifted in his chair, and on the table; he hears the trumpet rattles upon the table, and when elevated apparently to the level of his eye, a voice speaking softly through it, he feels it move slowly across his arm and up the back of his head, and feels his hat knocked off, and hears loud trumpet and bat fall upon the floor; he hears loud blows upon the table, and at last hears the rattling of glass from a broken bottle which he had brought along with him for that express purpose. Yet this man's sense, which had never been known to deceive him before, are now under the complete control of the Spirits, and report nothing correctly—nothing but the *breaking of that bottle*; and this, singular enough—for it was a part of the same performance—the Spirits managed to make his senses report correctly, because they knew that the pieces were to be saved and carried home as a test! The bottle was actually broken, yet not in the manner that he supposed—it is not known exactly how; but being, both as to mind and body—soul and sense—completely under the control of the Spirits, he might have been lifted by them (ah! not that won't do) might have jumped upon that table, and broken the bottle with the heel of his own boot, the Spirits making him believe all the while that he was sitting still in his chair, holding fast the hands of those little boys!!! And not only did the senses of everybody become totally deranged and unreliable as soon as they were clothed with those boys, but they became all right again the instant they left that hall; and this, too, without the slightest consciousness on the part of any one, that he had been thrown into any unusual state, or wrought upon in any unusual way.

Such are some of the things, Mr. Editor, which we are required to believe, according to your explanation of the phenomena in question. And now I ask if there is a single page in all of Swedenborg's writings to justify any such absurd conclusion? Is there an *solitary* paragraph in all his works to favor the idea, that one or two individuals may come into such a peculiar connection with Spirits, that everybody else, at the moment they are brought into the same room with such individuals, are bereft of their senses to all practical purposes, and made the victims of whatever phantasies the Spirits choose to induce? Show me a single passage, Mr. Editor, that even looks in such a direction, and I will acknowledge my obligations to you; for I confess that I know of *not one*. The whole current of our author's teachings seems to me utterly opposed to anything so absurd. You think the theory which maintains the objective reality of the phenomena alleged, unreasonable, and opposed to the teaching of the heavenly doctrines; but candor requires me to say, that I think your own theory far more unreasonable, and more opposed to the current teachings of E. S. But let your readers decide that point.

One word, however, in respect to the position you occupy on this question, for it seems to me an unfortunate position—like unphilosophical and unfavorable to progress. For, suppose you are in error, you can never get out of it. In the position you now hold, it is impossible for you ever to be convinced that you are wrong. Proof, of whatever nature, is only thrown away upon you. No kind and no amount of evidence can be of the least avail in convincing you of your error. Suppose Johnny had actually taken the verdant gentleman I speak of, "right up to the ceiling," as he threatened to do, and had held him there from that time to the present; and suppose all the people in Buffalo, and New York, and your own city, had been there and seen Mr. Emerald stick fast to the ceiling, would their combined testimony have weighed any thing against your theory, or led you to doubt about it? Not a whit; for you would only have to say that everybody "came under the influence of those spirits," or were *biologized*, the instant they came within "that magic hall," and saw there just what the Spirits wished them to see, but what in *reality* did not exist. Therefore I think your mental position on this question an unfortunate one, inasmuch as it is one which defies or sets aside all the known laws of evidence. If you were to plant yourself on the same ground in relation to other questions involving certain facts made known through the senses, I see not how it would be possible for you ever to advance a single step beyond where you now are. And is a position which ignores and defies all the ordinary laws of evidence to the contrary, to be regarded as a sound or safe one? And what is to be thought of a theory which builds such a barricade as this, which yours is now compelled to seek? Please consider this, Mr. Editor, and oblige.

Yours truly,
D. F. BARRETT.
Brooklyn, January 23, 1856.

TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

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